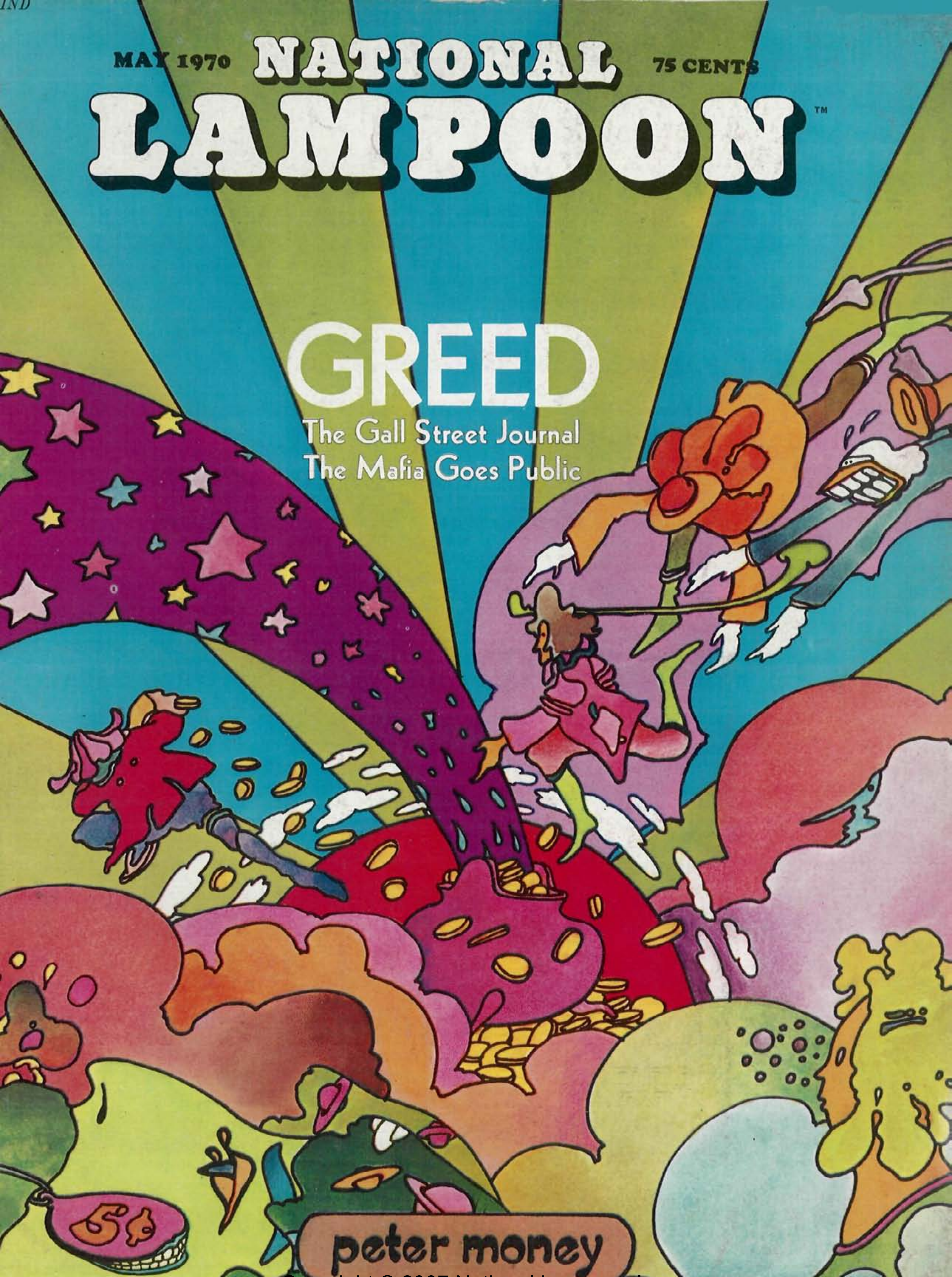
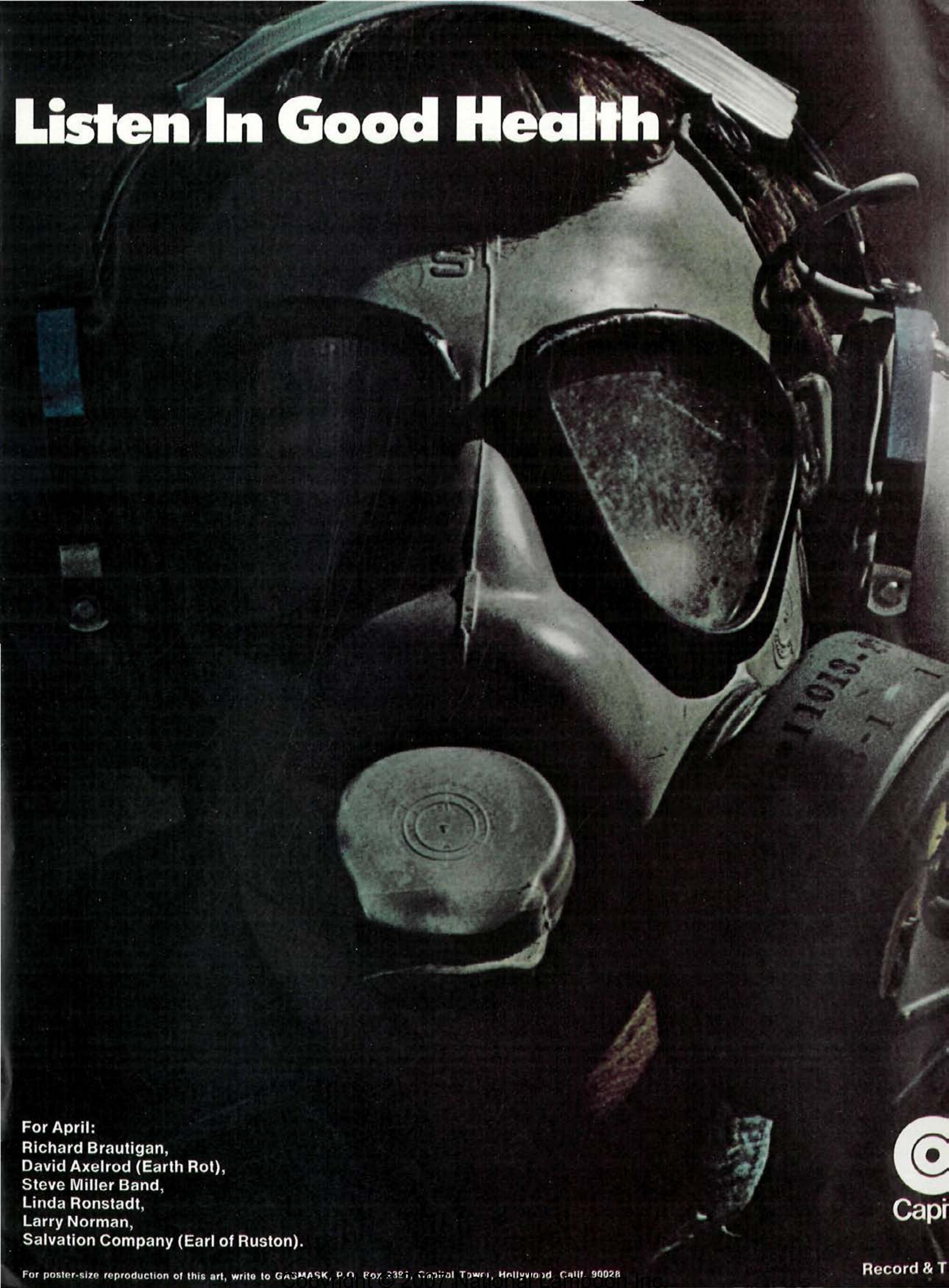
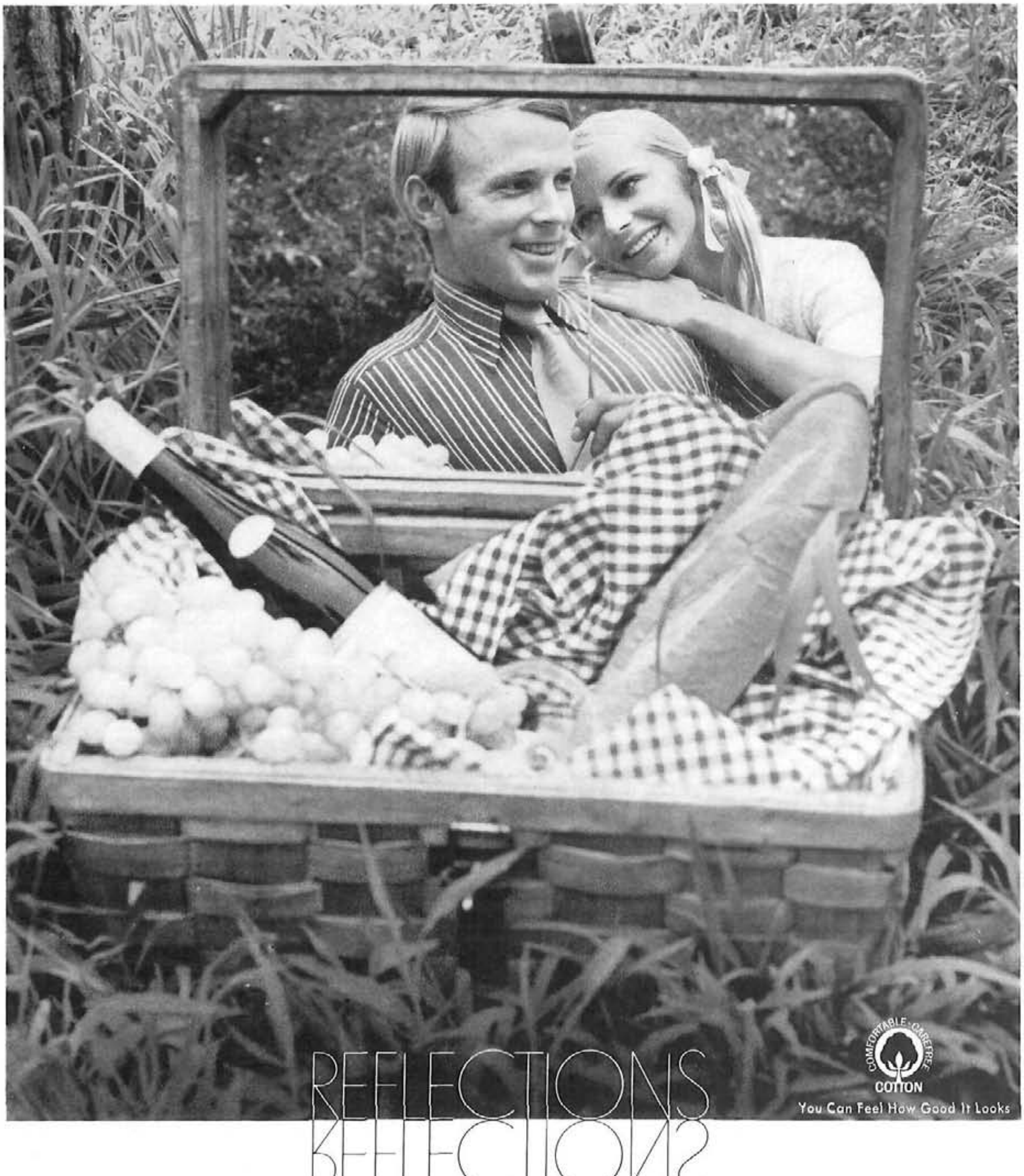

MAY 1970
NATIONAL LAMPOON
75 CENTS
TM
GREED
The Gall Street Journal
The Mafia Goes Public
5¢
peter money


Listen In Good Health
For April:
Richard Brautigan,
David Axelrod (Earth Rot),
Steve Miller Band,
Linda Ronstadt,
Larry Norman,
Salvation Company (Earl of Ruston).
For poster-size reproduction of this art, write to GASMASK, P.O. Box 3321, Capitol Tower, Hollywood, Calif. 90028



REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS

Picnic beside a quiet stream—unforgettable tranquil hours away from the bustling city life. Reflective moments—mirrored in the elegance of Sero shirtmanship. The perfect setting for a rendezvous with the all-cotton Rogue—a new venture in shirt versatility for fashionable men of the 70's.

of a Sero MAN

For the store nearest you, write SERO of New Haven, New Haven, Connecticut

A division of National Apparel Corporation.

Volume 1, Number 2

Contents

May, 1970



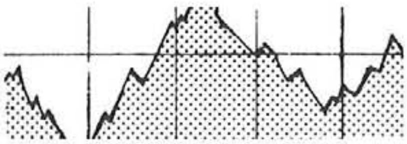


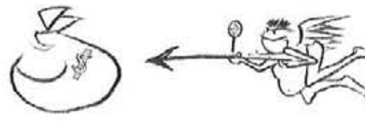










COLUMNS



FEATURES

NATIONAL LAMPOON™ MAGAZINE: "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of National Lampoon, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with permission of the Harvard Lampoon, Inc.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $6.95 paid annual subscription, $11.50 paid two-year subscription, and $15.50 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $1.00 for Canada and Mexico, $2.00 for Foreign. Second-class postage pending at Lawrence, Kansas.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING INFORMATION: Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Contact Managing Editor, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted, if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.



"My men wear English Leather or they wear nothing at all."

I insist on it.
English Leather makes them feel so good.
And when they feel good, I feel good.
So I don't take any chances.
I give all my men English Leather®.
Would you like a sampler kit for a dollar?
Six products: three English Leather fragrances, plus soap, shampoo, and hair dressing.
Your girl won't let you wear anything else.

If you have a friend who's interested in English Leather, give him this coupon. I have a friend who might be interested in him.

MEM COMPANY, INC.
Dept. N. L.
P.O. Box 122, New York, N.Y. 10046

Here's my dollar. Send me my English Leather Sampler.

Name____________________
PLEASE PRINT

Address____________________

City__________ State________ Zip______

1

MEM COMPANY, INC.
Dept. N. L.
P.O. Box 122, New York, N.Y. 10046

Here's my dollar. Send me my English Leather Sampler.

Name____________________
PLEASE PRINT

Address____________________

City__________ State________ Zip______

1

NATIONAL LAMPOON

– LETTER FROM THE EDITOR –

Well, it's deadline time again, and O'Donoghue still hasn't shown up with his Howard Hughes piece. Probably reeling around the East Village half-crazed with cheap muscatel again. Tamara Gould, our society editor, is off with that fifth-rate count on his cheesy yacht. Never can find that idiot broad when we need her. No wonder *Vogue* canned her. Christopher Cerf and Michael Frith are still out of town chasing down Judge Crater for an autograph, and every time we call the Cloud for layouts, Stephanie leaves the phone off the hook, mumbles "Oh, wow," and walks into a wall. Typical. Skurski and Bramley couldn't draw a straight line with a ruler, anyway.

Beard sent a postcard from Bermuda saying he's being held captive by pirates, and Hoffman has locked himself in the john again. Mary Marshmallow called in sick with either rheumatoid arthritis or terminal mumps, she couldn't remember which. I'd fire her in a second, but anyone else would want to be paid in money.

Len, the publisher, sent a memo this morning about "re-evaluating editorial performance." The ad salesmen have sold six more pages to that Japanese rubber novelty company. There goes Cadillac.

The typesetter says he is running out of "e's" and would it bx all right if thxy usxd somxthing xlsx instxad. Hxll, I quit.

— DCK

– THE COVER –

Yes, Virginia, there is a Peter Money. You can see his fanciful little psychedoodles on every bus, clock, phone book and souvenir ash tray in America. Peter Money says he "wants to bring a groovy new life style to people who want a viable alternative to the Establishment."

Peter Money is going public this June. □



The National Lampoon, Inc. is a *subsidiary of Twenty First Century* Communications, Inc.

Matty Simmons, Chairman
Leonard Mogel, President
George Agoglia, Vice President

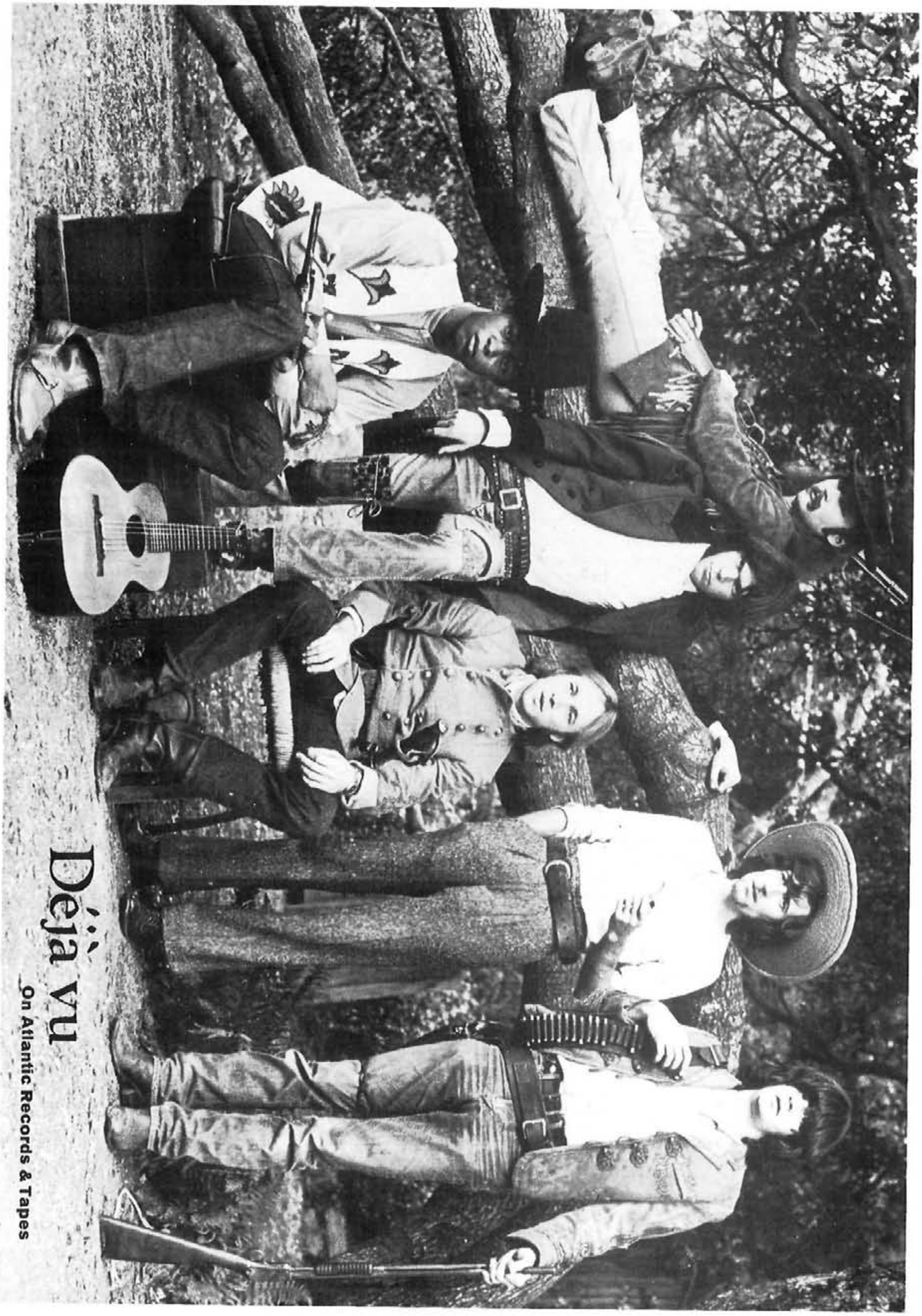
ADVERTISING SALES
New York: Robert L. Schaffel, Advertising Director, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 688-4070

Chicago: Thomas W. Bryant Jr., Western Advertising Manager, National Lampoon, 645 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, (312) 337-7625

West Coast: Smith & Hollyday, Inc., 5478 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036, (213) 938-0111
Smith & Hollyday, Inc., 22 Battery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111, (415) YU 1-2999

Southeast: J. Sidney Crane & Associates, 22 Eighth St., N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309, (404) 872-6720

New England: J & M Co., P.O. Box 233, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167, (617) 731-3133


Déjà vu
On Atlantic Records & Tapes

Letters

Sirs:

You know what I'm tired of? I'm tired of smartasses like you who come along and without so much as a "by your leave," start putting out a smartass magazine. Freedom of the Press doesn't include the Freedom to be a Wise Guy and *it's worth the small extra cost to know you are completely free from offensive cuticle odor. Remember that with Nail-A-Way's optional annuity plan, you can provide now for your future nail needs just as easily as* a dead smartass.

Apthorpe Van Fleet III
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sirs:

Twenty years ago, man discovered soft drinks in cans.

Today, empty soft-drink cans choke our streams and mock our laughing skies. In warm weather, the phosphate aluminum in the soft drink can combines with the dread air pollutant preposterase to produce preposterase-aluminum-phosphate, something which our native antfish loathe. In one rural South Carolina country, the antfish population declined from 400,000 to less than three after the introduction of soft drinks in cans, creating a hardship not only for those who fancy antfish as pets but for the gillyflower harvesters, most of whom are poor people too old to learn another trade.

Won't you help? Why not join the National Environment Preservers Union now. You'll like the feeling of well-earned smugness you'll have as an environment preserver. And you'll love reading our newsletter, *Bad News*, month after depressing month. Do you know, for instance:

1. which three Middle Western states will be the victims of renewed volcanic activity because of faulty waste disposal systems?

2. which favored household pet is about to trip off to the Happy Hunting Ground for good because of enzyme detergents?

3. the ecological causes of World War II?

Do write, and if you act now, we'll include, at no extra cost, a lovely four-color picture of Christ throwing the polluters out of the temple.

Elvira Madigan (for
the NEPU)
Brisket, Ill.

Sirs:

Almost from boyhood I have felt myself called by God to become the "Christian Homer." This has created a number of problems in school, at home and especially with my girl. She says that Homer was a bum trip, and she badmouths Christ, too, and just generally puts down my whole idea of becoming a Christian Homer. I'd like to break off with this girl (she's no beauty or anything, either), but her father is my father's boss at the vacuum cleaner plant and I'm scared of retaliation.

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock
Salisbury, Vt.

Sirs:

I could not let another minute pass without replying to the vicious attack on New York State wines in your first issue. Now that I have replied, I feel better.

Oldrich Cernik
Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs:

I would feel myself less than a man if I failed to respond to your vicious attack on wombats in your first issue. I, myself, have a wombat named Esmerelda who served very nicely as a pet and does double duty as a vacuum cleaner. More than you can say for your highbrow Siamese cat.

A. P. Delafarb
Omaha, Neb.

Sirs:

Let's not be too soft on wombats. I think it was a mistake to mothball the hot seat for wombats who endanger the lives and limbs of those around them. I definitely think, for instance, that wombats ought to suffer the ultimate penalty for malicious misuse of their strange vacuuming powers. My little daughter, Mary-Louise, was vacuumed by a wombat one day and we miss her very much.

Alfredi Scorch
Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine in-depth report of the revolution in vacuum cleaning. You know, so many backward folk still think of their vacuum cleaner as a static appliance rather than as a flexible friend.

My story is typical. As it happens, I'm a pretty unattractive (in human terms) fella. Girls give me a shoulder so cold, you could freeze a six-pack on it. Frankly, I was a pretty lonely fella until I discovered what a difference one of the new generation vacuum cleaners could make in a lonely life. God bless you in the editorial offices of your new magazine for telling it like it is, vacuum-cleaner wise.

Norman Urch
Potatoes, Col.

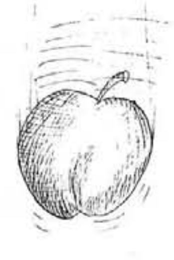
Sirs:

Poverty is a sickness like any other.

A. Sterling Overch
Sneeze, Va.

Sirs:

Let me explain the work of the Anglo-Iranian Orphan Fund. As you know, the world is divided into two areas: areas of Orphan Glut, and areas of Orphan Famine. Our philanthropic organization (recognized by His Majesty of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, and winner of five gold medals in Brussels, 1898) seeks to equalize the orphan im-





balance by shipping orphans from the *glut area* to the *famine area* in specially refrigerated and sanitized container ships.

Until recently, the price of orphans on the international market was *pegged to the pound sterling*. Right now, as you read this, babies are piling up on the docks of Iran (a prime glut zone) awaiting shipment to England and Ireland (in the famine zone). YET, THERE MAY BE NO SHIP TO TAKE THEM.

Sirs:

"Don't be afraid to tell your doctor," he whispered, his voice taking on a gentleness she had never heard in it before, his hand straying (accidentally? she never knew) to touch her pounding *corns, moles, facial blemishes all respond to the miracle treatment, for years the secret of Europe's most famous danseuse. Our ingredients are secret, secret, secret, but we can say that you'll have smoother skin and a more attractive ambience in 30 days* or I'll walk out of the office and never come back. How I despise you — you and your Cornell Medical School diploma and your suave Utica ways. You've become a famous doctor, but somewhere along the line you've forgotten that *suffering can be alleviated if you send $5 now!*

Synder Asdre
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

I notice in your "letters" page that you don't print any dirty words like they do in *Rolling Stone*. *Rolling Stone* will print all sorts of dirty words, and like, I'm pretty annoyed that you guys won't print my letter in your magazine. On the other hand, maybe it's just that you guys don't *know* any dirty words, which is a bum trip, but, like, understandable. If that's what the problem is, I'm sending along a list of some you can use in your next issue. Most of them are easy, but you'll have to check the spelling on "cunnilingus," "fellatio" and "doo-doo" ("do-do"?).

I don't know what your rates are, but I will accept anything you think is fair.

F. J. Sheen
Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs:

I notice in your magazine that you still don't print many dirty pictures. As I warned you in my last letter of the 24th, I will not buy your magazine unless it has some dirty pictures in every issue.

If the problem is simply that you don't have anybody to take dirty pictures *of*, you can come over and take a few of my wife, Blanche, who can use the money for a new toaster and things.

Hans Holbein
Delft, Holland

Mrs. Agnew's Diary

Travels with Judy

Dear Diary,
Sorry I haven't had time for my usual "jottings," but I've been worried sick over Kim, our youngest, and I hardly know what to think. As you know, dear Diary, Kim has always been the "rebel" in our brood. In Annapolis, we caught her and some of her good-for-nothing friends (none of whom I have ever liked the looks) in the rec room with the air full of a funny smell. Sure enough, Spiggy hunted around and found a whole package of that illegal pot drug stuck in one of the holes of the pool table!

Well, as you remember, Spiggy gave her the hiding of her life and called up the parents of all her dirty-looking friends. As Spiggy always says, parental discipline is the gateway to knowledge, and I must say, I couldn't agree more. *I mean, if the family can't provide the bedrock security of the soul, then who can???* Maybe Spiggy was a little hard on her. She *so* loved her record collection, even if Spiggy didn't.

Well, anyway, I was going through some of Kim's things this morning to see if she had an extra ankle bracelet and I came across a little box full of *more of that pot drug!* Well, let me tell you, I marched right into the bathroom and flushed the pot drug, along with a lot of those nasty little papers, right down the johnny! She had some little pink things wrapped in tin foil too. And after all Spiggy and I had told her about between-meal treats. The junk kids put in their stomachs. They tasted just awful – no wonder she never has any appetite at dinner.

Spiggy will be so angry when he gets home. He'll have to know. As he says, it'll hurt him more than it will her. I've only majored in marriage, but – oops, there's the phone. Be right back.

That was Spiggy. He'll be working late tonight. I just couldn't tell him yet. I'll make a nice meat loaf first. In fact, I should be helping Juanita with the marketing, but I'm feeling a little, I don't know, funny. I feel a little queasy in my tum. I think I'll just sit here for awhile and chat, dear Diary. It gets so lonely here sometimes.

Something very funny is going on. Things look sort of blurry. The table keeps wobbling. (Well, I don't mean it's actually wobbling, but it sort of looks that way.) And there's a ringing sound in my ears. Dring dring dring. Just like *that. Dringdringdring.* What on earth is happening? My, I feel woozy all over. I think I'd better sit down. Oh, I *am* sitting down. Well, then, maybe I'll just stand up for awhile awhile. (Isn't that silly? Writing "awhile" twice twice?) Gracious, I can't seem to write cclearly. I really do feel . . . odd. I wonder wonder (now isn't that the absolute limimimit?) oh, there's the fone again. .

It wasn't the fone ad all. iSn't tHat sTRangE???? i mean, aren'T tHOse VIoletts loovely? All thoSe PInks and gOldz and gReens and polKadOts. PolKA-Dots??? Ohhh, thEre's thatt ffone –

nO FOne nofone what is that thing crawling in the corner??? AND THE WALLS!! LIKE LEATHERN WINGS of sssome GIGANTIC BATT sssoaring ovver ccaverns of lllimitless VOID VOID VOID Oh! the emptiness of SPACE and the unthinkable lonlinesses . . . oh the pure thrilling pain–the agony and the bliss of self-knowledge that is a a a SOUNDLESS SCREAM!!! LOOK OUT! It's growing!!! IT'S GETTING BIGGER AND BBBIGGGERRRRR!!!! ohgod ohgod ohgod ohgod ohgod ohgod ohgod ohgod ohgod ohgod ohgod ohgod OHGOD OHGOD OHGOD STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP ETAOINSHRDLU ETAOINSHRDLU ETAOINSHRDLU ETAOINSHRDLU ETAOINSHRDLU SHOOTOFFEUCLIDIANS SHOESIN EUCALYPTICALSHREDDED WHEAT . . . ohgod . . . here they come again. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
GGGGGGGGGGG GGGGGGGGGG
GGGGGGGGGGG GGGGGGGGGG
GGGGGGGGGGG GGGGGGGGGG
GGGGGGGGGGG GGGGGGGGGG
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH H H
HHHHHH H HHH HHHHH H
HH H HHHH H HH H
HHH H H H H H H H H H
HH HHH H H H H H
H H H H H H H H H H H!



"There's one thing that money can't buy, Mr. Grotberger, and that's good health!"

HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH ooh, look at the pretty sky through the window. it seems to glow with bright *points of light, now static, now pulsing* with what seem to be the flames of a hundred white-hot novas! a noiseless explosion and a hot wind following, scattering the stars in their tragic loveliness, as if (though maybe i'm just being silly) a sophoclean lament for an entire younger generation obsessed with the futile need to excorcize a manichaean daemon.

oh! hear the song of the bonerock, the granite harmonics whitman may have glimpsed but could never penetrate. i wish to plunge deeper into that crystalline matrix and pierce it through to the core. take, take me to your nether worlds, fly me to the moon and let me play among the stars, enfold me with your cold fires and cleanse me with that purifying flame!

oh god, here they come! look at them! millions of them! so horrible, yet so beautiful! aaahhh! leave me, leave me! their colors are so brilliant, but so evil! their millions of tiny feet scuttling with the sound of dry leaves
their

tiny

sharp

teeth white and their

tiny

red-flickering tongues

i must be strong

i

must be strong !!!

ohgodohgodohgodohgodohgod-
ohgod!!!!!!!

i can see it! i can see it! like the breaking of the sun over the lip of the sea. an answer. an answer to the questions asked since the beginning of man! thousands of *years of asking and relentless seeking* ended in this final, powerful and awakening of the human spirit. is it not a false dawn . . .? no! it's it's — ohgod, that ringing! it *is* the phone. persons from porlock who —

Tthat wass Spiggy. Ssaid he'll be coming home on time after all. Isn't tthat nnice? For a minute, I felt almost like I was speaking to a total stranger . . . ? And I just looked at the time! Must have been napping. Isn't that the oddest thing? I'd better talk to Juanita about the meatloaf. Spiggy certainly works up an appetite after a long day at work. Must run.

Bye for now,
Judy

P.S. I don't think I'll tell Spiggy about Kim and her you-know-what, after all.

A Veritable Fortune in Stock Market Profits (Minus Commission and Taxes) Can Be Yours, Thanks to the Bushmiller Geometric Investment System...

by Christopher Cerf



Forget Those Bulls and Bears

A stock market "system" that *guarantees* you make money? . . . Regardless of what stocks you buy, whether the market goes up or down or how much cash you start with? Sounds impossible, doesn't it? We thought so, too. Then we heard about the Bushmiller Geometric Investment System. Want to use it to make extra money? Here's how:

Buy a Stock

Before we start, get this straight: You need no special knowledge or training. Prospectuses, Dow Jones averages, price-earnings ratios, bulls and bears — forget them! Some Park Avenue limousine people just made up these things to make the stock market seem like an insiders' club — with you on the outside. Understand? Okay! On with the System!

To begin with, buy a stock — *any* stock. You don't have any personal favorites? Okay, close your eyes and point to a spot on your newspaper's financial page. Or start with the stock at the top of the list.

How Much?

How much should you buy? That depends on how much money you have. A good rule of thumb is: If you're rich, buy 1,000 shares; if you're moderately well-off, buy 100 shares; if you're relatively poor, buy one share.

Congratulations

Congratulations! You're well on the way toward making a fortune through the Bushmiller Geometric Investment System.

Place Your Sell Order

At the same time you buy your stock, tell your broker you want to place a sell order at ⅛ point above the price at which he obtains it. Tell him you want to place *another* sell order at ⅛ point *below* the price at which he obtains it. He will immediately realize that you are using the Bushmiller Geometric Investment System and will congratulate you on your good judgment!

Only a Matter of Minutes

Now, sit back and wait for your broker to call you with the results of your first venture. It may be only a matter of minutes!

If Your Stock Goes Up...

If your broker says your stock went up ⅛ point and he sold it, welcome to the "gravy train!" Assuming you're taking the moderate approach (100 shares, which we'll assume throughout for convenience's sake), you've just earned $12.50 (minus commissions and taxes)!

Immediately, before your broker hangs up, buy 100 shares of *another* stock and repeat all the steps outlined thus far.

If Your Stock Goes Down...

If your broker says your stock went *down* ⅛ point and he sold it, *don't fret!* You've lost $12.50 (plus commissions and taxes), but the wonderful Bushmiller Geometric Investment System is about to bail you out!

Immediately, before your broker hangs up, buy *twice as many shares* of some *other* stock (i.e., 200 shares for the moderately well-to-do investor). Then, repeat all the steps outlined thus far. If Stock B goes up ⅛, you'll have earned back your entire loss and have a neat *$12.50 profit* (minus commissions and taxes) *to boot!* Of course, if Stock B *also* goes down ⅛, you'll still be "in the red" ($37.50 plus commissions and taxes, to be exact). But by merely doubling the ante to *400 shares* and buying a *third* stock, you can save yourself again! *And* earn a handsome $12.50 in the bargain!

Long Losing Streaks

Are long losing streaks a problem? Say, for example, John Q. Moderate-Investor loses seven times in a row. How can he afford to buy the 12,800 shares of stock he needs to earn his tidy $12.50? The answer: no problem! Brokerage houses allow you five days to pay for stocks you purchase. You can make as many as 140 transactions in that time — enough to recover your losses *many times over!*

But, okay, pessimist, suppose you *do* lose 140 in a row. Sure, you're going to need 100 x 2^{139} times the dollar value of the stock you choose to buy next (plus commissions and taxes) to get yourself back on the plus side of the ledger. But if you just tell the president of your local bank you're using the BGIS, chances are good he'll bankroll you *on the spot!*

Lucky Stars

When you've earned your first million (minus commissions and taxes), you'll thank your lucky stars you picked up this magazine and read this article. And, even more fervently, you'll thank the Bushmiller Geometric Investment System. □



YES, IT'S TRUE! You can actually own this complete Columbia Component System for only $14.95! And what a superb music system it is . . . providing clear, brilliant stereo sound . . . quality-engineered to combine all the features and fidelity of larger, more expensive units selling for as much as $150. Beautifully designed and compact enough to fit easily on a desk, a table top or a shelf—in any room!

Our catalog price for this System is $69.95—yet you may take it for only $14.95 when you join the Columbia Record Club and buy three records now at the regular Club price of only $4.98 each. Your only additional obligation as a member will be to purchase just twelve more records during the coming two years . . . records you'd probably buy anyway.

AS A MEMBER you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Club's entertaining music magazine . . . listing up to 300 records from every field of music. If you do *not* want any record in any month—just tell us so by returning the selection card by the date specified . . . or use the card to order any of the records offered. If you want *only* the regular selection for your musical interest, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. And from time to time, we will offer some special albums, which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided—or accept by doing nothing.

YOUR OWN CHARGE ACCOUNT! Upon enrollment, we will open a charge account in your name. You pay for records only after you have received them and enjoyed them. The records you want will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $4.98 (Classical and occasional special albums somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

FREE RECORDS! Once you've completed your enrollment agreement, you'll get a record free (only 25¢ for mailing and handling) for every additional record you buy thereafter. That's almost a 50% discount on all the records you want for as long as you want!

START ENJOYING ALL THE EXCITEMENT of listening to your favorite music on your Columbia Component System. Fill in the coupon now and mail it with your check or money order for only $14.95. Your Component System and the three stereo records of your choice will be sent to you promptly (along with a bill to cover mailing and handling charges and your first three records). Don't delay—the number of systems manufactured for this offer is limited—send for yours today!

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

CHOOSE YOUR FIRST THREE RECORDS



184507 | 184499 | 186270 | 186809
184200 | 180968 | 170357 | 180323 | 181875
181909 | 182238 | 180166 | 171504 | 185868
176594 | 183103 | 172411 | 183202 | 185850

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please enroll me as a member and send me the Columbia Component System described here. I am enclosing my check or money order for $14.95. (Complete satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full.) Also send me these three stereo records, billing me $4.98 each, plus mailing and handling for the System and three records.

Fill in 3 numbers ☐ ☐ ☐

As a member of the Club, my only obligation is to purchase twelve records during the coming two years, as outlined in this advertisement . . . and I may cancel membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I will then be eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan.

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only):

☐ Classical ☐ Listening & Dancing ☐ Teen Hits ☐ Country

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss (Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address..

City.................... State.......... Zip..........

If you wish to charge the cost of the Component System and first three records (plus mailing and handling) to your credit card, check one and fill in account number:

☐ Uni-Card ☐ Midwest Bank Card ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge

Account Number.................... Expiration Date....................

259-4/OG

Signature.................................... 259-5/OH

Horrorscope

Phrenology (fre nöl o je) Gk.* phrenos. *The study of the conformation of the skull to determine character and future behavior.

June 3, 1970 (*fecundity*). Entertainer Tiny Tim's wife, **Victoria Tim,** reports recently announced pregnancy will culminate in a nationally televised live birth on the Johnny Carson show. Labor will be induced artificially to coincide with commercial breaks, though screams of pain may be "blipped" for "reasons of taste."

June 1, 1970 (*appetite*). More of jet-settrix **Jacqueline Onassis'** personal letters are up for auction. The letters, "of a particularly intimate character," are said to have been originally sent to Pope Paul VI. Secret sources close to His Holiness deny all connections between Mrs. Onassis and the Holy Father and express "grave concern" over "that broad's big fat mouth."



June 7, 1970 (*domesticity*). Chicago swinger **Hugh Hefner** announces engagement on Playboy Penthouse TV program. Barbi Benton, Hefner's long time girl friend, is visibly miffed when the intended is revealed as Italian crooner Frank Sinatra.

June 9, 1970 (*inventiveness*). Author-adventurer **Thor Heyerdahl** attempts to cross Mediterranean on the back of a dolphin. Greek authorities refuse to accept his explanation and apprehend him for "unclean and unnatural practices."

June 12, 1970 (*muscatel*). U.S. Attorney General Mitchell's wife, **Martha**, reaffirms her statement that she would "trade [anti-war demonstrators] for Russian Communists." In an apparent misunderstanding, Soviet embassy requests the Mitchells host 22-member Ukrainian soccer team during five-week international competitions.

June 15, 1970 (*social mobility*). Beatle John Lennon's wife, **Yoko Ono,** draws 5,000 people to London's Albert Hall for a "Beatle" performance. Beatles perform for 15 minutes, then leave stage. Yoko shaves legs, inspects nostrils and shrieks into microphone for one and a half hours. Audience finally gets fed up and beats the crap out of her.

June 26, 1970 (*euphoria*). Judge **Julius Hoffman** orders plate of shrimp at Chicago restaurant. Eats first eight jumbos with great relish, but encounters sharp shell on ninth. Hacking and coughing, Hoffman suffers several minutes of extreme discomfort. Tough luck, Julius.

June 19, 1970 (*semitics*). Arab leader **Gamal Nasser** and Israeli Premier **Golda Meir** trade heated words in United Nations General Assembly. "Your only misfortune," snarls Nasser, "is that you were born without a penis." "A misfortune," Mrs. Meir returns, "I wish I could tolerate as well as you have."

June 17, 1970 (*wasps*). New York's Mayor **John Lindsay** and Governor **Nelson Rockefeller** are paired in charity golf tournament. On 1st hole, Rockefeller mistallies Lindsay's score. On 3rd hole, Lindsay steps on Rockefeller's ball. Rockefeller barely misses Lindsay's skull on 10th, Lindsay gooses Rockefeller with mashie-niblick on 15th. Exchange of blows and obscenites on 18th. Final score termed "somewhat over par."

June 27, 1970 (*animal humors*). Transplant whiz-kid Dr. **Christiaan Barnard** astounds medical experts with unprecedented grafting of seal flippers to hind quarters of giraffe. When asked to comment on scientific implications, Barnard is quoted, "Hell I don't know. I just like watching it try to walk."

June 31, 1970 (*halitosis*). Multitalented, flamboyant **Barbra Streisand** is presented to Queen Elizabeth II wearing skintight topless leather jumpsuit, with cutaway buttocks and transparent crotch panel. Miss Streisand wore a simple pink empire gown with sateen trim. □

Two for the Magi



O. Henry is Dead, He Can't Sue

Two dollars and six cents. Jim counted it one last time – he had never been very good at counting – and got one dollar and forty-three cents. But no matter which was right, neither was enough to buy the bleach that Della had always dreamed of for her endless raven hair, the hair that tumbled like a great polluted cataract down to her ankles.

"If blondes really *do* have more fun," she would wistfully say, stumbling on her limitless locks, "then I could bleach up an *orgy*."

What a time to be broke, thought Jim, for Christmas was in the air. He may have been a slow thinker, but he was always quick to know almost exactly what month it was; and *this*, he felt sure, was December.

In another part of Jim's poor but dreary flat, Della sat combing her hair a few feet at a time and thinking of the watch that Jim had always wanted so he could know when to go to work, if he ever found any. He'd been late 39 times on his last job because of that damn sundial – on every cloudy morning.

When she finished combing, Della got up, stepped lithely over some unpaid bills and opened *The Yellow Pages* to HAIR. Then she went to the closet and got her mackinaw.

"Where ya goin', Lassie?" said Jim.

"Lassie" was his nickname for Della, not just because of her shaggy loveliness but because of the way she always came back to him after running off with some sailor.

"Oh, just out to buy meat for the hamster," she replied.

What a sweet liar, he thought, for they *had* no hamster and they couldn't afford meat.

"Well," he told her, "just make sure you don't let the janitor catch you. A Christmas thirst is upon him – he's been trying to say hello to me for days."

The janitor. Della had even considered giving *herself* to him in lieu of a Christmas tip; but then she'd realized that he might want a tip as *well*. And there was the *mailman*, too. No, it would have set a precedent that would sorely try her in her twilight years.

A few minutes later, she entered a store called Hirsute Heaven. Grabbing her hair and proudly whipping it past the owner's face, she said, "How much for five feet of this?"

"Well, I'm afraid the hair market is down," he said. "Oh, that doesn't mean that we've *let* our hair down – we're just bears on hairs. Anyway, human hair is *out* this year. Camels and horses are in."

"Well, you won't find a scalp like this at *Pimlico!*" she cried. "Why, you could sell it to a teen-age singing group. There's enough here for a drummer and three sidemen."

"Oh, it *is* gorgeous hair," he said. "I haven't seen any like it since our last shipment from Shanghai. You know, we used to get a *lot* of hair from Red China. In fact, I always called it the *mane*land. That's a good one, eh?"

"I can't laugh. It's Christmas and my husband isn't working. Of course, he also wasn't working on Labor Day, but there's a special pang at this holy time. Look, I'll give you the whole head for five bucks."

"Throw in the bracelet and I'll give you three."

Back in the flat, flat on his back, Jim decided it was time to leave the sack. He got up, gathered his money and packed his portable sundial. Then, through a back alley that let him elude the janitor, he went out into the street, out into the rich brown slush that reminded him so much of his boyhood on a potato farm. He went straight to his favorite pawnshop, took the sundial out of his knapsack, and said, "Max, what can I get on this?"

"Now, what the hell you think I'm gonna do with a *sundial?*" said Max. "You think my clientele is *Incas?*"

"But, Max, it's Christmas and I'm broke and I wanna bleach Della."

"So, go get anti-poverty. I wouldn't take the lousy sundial if you paid *me* for it."

"Not even 50 cents?"

"Well . . . okay. Gimme the sundial and half a buck and it's a deal."

And so Jim rejoiced, for he suddenly realized that even though he didn't have enough money left for Lady Clairol, he *could* afford peroxide. With visions of his platinum darling dancing in his head,

he ran down the street shouting "Merry Christmas!" to all the strollers. One woman got a cop, but Jim managed to lose them just before he reached the drugstore.

When he got home, Della was there; and even with the weak light and his weak mind, he could sense that she had changed. Suddenly, he knew what it was – she was wearing a helmet. But he decided not to mention it lest he make her self-conscious.

"Merry Christmas, sweet Lassie!" he said, giving her a little box.

"Likewise, beloved," she said, giving him a bigger one.

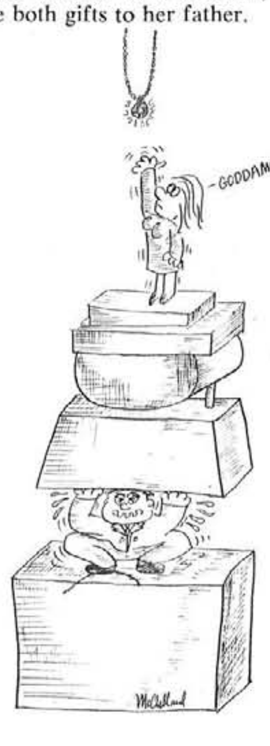
Beating her in the unwrapping, he cried, "Why it's . . . it's . . . it's . . ."

"Oh, my poor timeless pet," she said, "it's a *strap* for your *sundial!* You'll never need that knapsack again! I *wanted* to get you a whole wristwatch, but I was 20 bucks short and you know how much credit we have in this town. We – oh, *Jimbo!*" Now *her* gift was revealed. "A whole bottle of peroxide! I just can't *wait* till the next time I'm bleeding!"

"No, Lassie," he said, "it's for your *hair*."

"Oh, my poor dopey darling! My hair is on its way to Jimmy Dull and the Four Cretins." And then she took off her helmet to reveal a snappy crew cut. "But it'll *grow*. Oh, we'll *make* it grow! We'll move to Haiti, where hair grows faster! And then it'll always be sunny and you'll always know the time!"

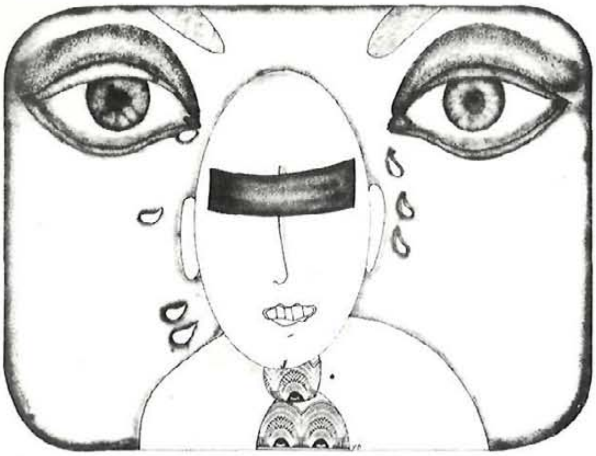
Jim was crying when he told her about the sundial and the shrewd deal he'd made to get rid of it. Then they fell into each other's arms, promising that next year, if they still believed in each other and the miracle of Christmas, they'd charge both gifts to her father. □



Let's Make a Buck!

by Steve Kaplan

Free Association, the Game That All America is Yawning About.



[*At precisely 12:30* P.M. *Eastern Standard Time, television tubes begin to pulsate with the orange and coral image of an afternoon game show. As Mrs. America flicks off the Hoover and slumps onto the chaise, the camera cranes over a stupified audience of menopaused matrons and acne-stricken adolescents. A voice, not dissimiliar to Keefe Braselle's, reverberates in the bowels of the Magnavox:*]

VOICE: It's time once again to play *Free Association* — the game where the right word can mean cash prizes for someone just like you! And here's your host, everybody's favorite rascal, Jack January!

JACK: Thank you, thank you. Hello again, gorgeous — and *that means you!* Glad to have you all here again on this lovely Thursday afternoon. You know, on the way to the studio today, one of those hippies stopped me on the street — but let's get right to our game. Let's say hello again to our current champion, a housewife from New Rochelle, New York . . . Mrs. Tinkie Borgia!

TINKIE: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello again, Tinkie. My, that outfit sure must look wild on the color screens of our audience at home! Kind of a special day for you, isn't it?

TINKIE: [*Reading from a prompter*] It certainly is, Jack. If I win one more game, it will bring my total prize earnings up to $16,355, a Rolls-Royce, six portable stereo consoles, a beach house in Miami Beach, Florida, and two luxurious weeks for two at the luxurious San Vulgo Hotel in luxurious Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

JACK: [*Low whistle*] That certainly is quite a record, Tinkie. Now let's meet your challenger for today, ex-alligator wrestler from Sacramento, California, Gunther Macumba. [*Grudging applause*]

GUNTHER: Hello, Mr. January.

JACK: Hello, Gunther, and welcome to *Free Association*. Y'know, Gunther, I bet our studio audience and the folks at home have noticed that you have no arms. Why don't you tell us about it?

GUNTHER: Well, you see, Mr. January, I used to be an alligator wrestler, and one day . . .

JACK: How 'bout that, folks? Well, now, the old clock on the wall is ticking away, so let's introduce our guest stars for today's match. We can hear about the alligators next time, Gunther.

TINKIE: If there is a next time. Ha ha ha.

JACK: Tinkie, playing with you today is that great star of TV and nightclubs, whose latest new comedy album, *What's Your Mother Doing in a Place Like This?*, is heading to the top of the charts, Fat Joey Miller!

FAT JOEY: Heloo, heloo, everybody. How's your dingus, Tinkie? Jack, you look like a mounted police escort was practicing maneuvers on your puss. No offense.

JACK: Same old Fat Joey, and don't we love him? Gunther, your partner is the star of the popular new series, *Helen of Troy, New York*, the charming and lovely Virgo Siblet! [*Virgo jounces on stage towing a pair of enormous breasts.*]

VIRGO: Hello, Jack, darling! You know, I . . .

FAT JOEY: Put that luggage down, will ya? And move over, Gimpy needs some elbow room.

JACK: Fat Joey, you're really a riot. Virgo, I hear you're making a new movie.

VIRGO: That's right, Jack. It's called *Parsifal*, and it will be released through United Artists around Easter time.

FAT JOEY: Hey, what about me? I'll be headlining at the Concord next week. Then I'll be at the Sands and the Blue Angel . . .

GUNTHER: Well, anyway, I was wrestling this alligator, and all of a sudden . . .

JACK: That's really wonderful, gang, but it's time to play our game.

GUNTHER: Could you explain it again, Mr. January?

JACK: Well, Gunther, it's all very simple. The Freebee machine will select a card with a word on it. When I say the word, you write down the first word that comes into your head, and if it's the Key Word shown on the monitor to our audience, you win $500 plus a chance at the *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* round.

GUNTHER: But I can't write, Jack. I have no arms.

FAT JOEY: Put a pencil in his mouth.

(*continued*)

TINKIE: Fat Joey, you're a stitch!

JACK: That's all right, Gunther. You whisper your answer to Virgo, and she'll write it down. Are we all set? Good. The first word from our Freebee machine is . . . "woman." Start writing, and you have 10 seconds.

VIRGO: "Feminine."

GUNTHER: "Wife."

FAT JOEY: "Man."

TINKIE: "Envelope."

JACK: Awwwww, sorry, no winners that time. The word was "romance." Let's try another word. The word this time is "chair." Remember, 10 seconds. [*Furious writing, Gunther desperately tries to whisper into Virgo's ear as she shrinks back.*] Everybody done? Good. All right, what are your free associations?

VIRGO: "Table."

GUNTHER: "Table."

FAT JOEY: "Table."

TINKIE: "Envelope."

JACK: That's right! The correct answer is "envelope," Tinkie, and now you've earned your chance to play *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations,* where . . .

GUNTHER: But why did "chair" make her think of "envelope"?

TINKIE: What?

GUNTHER: Why did "chair" make you think of "envelope"?

TINKIE: Well, I, uh . . .

GUNTHER: "Chair" wouldn't make me think of "envelope" in a million years.

VIRGO: Hey, yeah, me either. Why'd she say "envelope"?

TINKIE: Well, I . . .

JACK: Go on, Tinkie, tell them why. Did you by any chance *leave an envelope on a chair* today, or something like that?

TINKIE: Why, yes, Jack, as a matter of fact, I noticed just before I came to the studio today that there was an envelope on the green chair in my front hallway. It was my husband's hospital bill.

JACK: Yes, yes, of course it was. [*Waves vaguely to someone off-camera*] Now, before Mrs. Borgia gets her chance to play *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations,* let's listen to the nice people from Litvak Lotion, your hands' best friend! [*A filmed commercial appears. A middle-aged executive with sideburns is sitting blindfolded in a chair on a bare set.*]

ANNOUNCER: We're trying an experiment on writer Ross Fulton. Ross's wife of 15 years, Helen, has treated her hands with all new, reactivated Litvak Lotion. So has his pretty young mistress, Miss Tina Arnold. Now, they're both going to rub his cheeks. . . . [*Both women come up from behind to stroke him.*]

ROSS: Tina, is that you, baby?

ANNOUNCER: One of those lovely hands is Tina's, Ross. Can you guess which?

ROSS: Uh . . . I'd say it's the one on the right.

ANNOUNCER: Ah-ah, Ross. Take a look. It's your wife, Helen.

ROSS: Jesus Christ!

ANNOUNCER: Ladies, if you want your husband to like your hands as much as he likes his girl friend's, use all new, reactivated Litvak Lotion. [*The commercial vanishes.*]

JACK: Here we go, Tinkie. All set? Gunther, you're in this, too. I'm going to read a Familiar Quotation, leaving out one word. If Tinkie can't guess it after 15 seconds, you have another 10 seconds to ring that buzzer ahead of her and give your answer. The winner gets $50 and an opportunity for our grand prize. Okay? Here's the quotation. From *The New England Primer,* "In Adam's fall, we sinned *blank.*" Go!

TINKIE: Uh . . .

JACK: Fifteen seconds!! Go ahead, Gunther! [*Gunther tries frantically to ring the buzzer with his nose, chin, forehead, etc.*]

GUNTHER: I can't ring the buzzer, Mr. January!

JACK: Three seconds . . . [*Guther tries harder, banging the side of his head against the table.*] Sorry, time's up. The answer was, "In Adam's fall, we sinned *all.*" It rhymes.

GUNTHER: I knew it.

FAT JOEY: Sure thing, Gimp. Demand a recount. Too bad you can't write your Congressman.

JACK: Well, that's it for today. Sorry you didn't win anything, Gunther, but just for playing *Free Association* with us, we have [*looks off-camera*] a wonderful consolation prize for you, Gunther, a complete set of Spaulding golf clubs! Tinkie, Virgo and Fat Joey, thank you for coming today. I hope we'll see you all here again real soon. . . .

GUNTHER: But I can't play . . .

JACK: . . . So until tomorrow, this is Jack January saying, "Keep your chin up, and your *Associations Free!* Bye now! [*Wild applause as Jack's 58 capped teeth fade from 10 million American cathode tubes.*] □



"While we do manufacture some weapons for the government, our production methods are so slovenly that the weapons usually malfunction."

GREED



GAIL BURWEN

AN INTERVIEW WITH HOWARD HUGHES



I just like things to be clean, perhaps a little cleaner than next fellow. You won't find me catching a cold off the bathroom waterglass.

The following is an unedited transcript of a taped interview that took place between Michael O'Donoghue and Howard Hughes at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas on the afternoon of January 5, 1970. This is the first public interview Mr. Hughes has granted since 1954.

O'DONOGHUE: You're 65 years old, Mr. Hughes, an age —

HUGHES: Why don't you just call me "Howard" and I'll call you "Mike."

O'DONOGHUE: Fine. Now that you're 65, a time of life when most men either retire or start tapering off, don't you find the demands of bulldogging a loose-knit grouping of semi-autonomous but diversified corporations and their subsidiaries rather taxing?

HUGHES: I have to admit that it's mighty tempting to just chuck it all, retire to Florida, fish, shoot some golf, play a little pinochle, whatever. And, every now and then, some of the younger guys try to kick the "old man" upstairs . . . but . . . I [*word inaudible*] my holdings like a football team. And I'm the quarterback, calling the signals. Don't get me wrong, now. This is no one-man show. The little I have been able to accomplish is due to teamwork. But every team needs its quarterback and I've been calling the signals for 40 some-odd years now and, God willing, I'll call them for another 40.

O'DONOGHUE: What about your legendary mysophobia?

HUGHES: Come again?

O'DONOGHUE: Your aversion to dirt and germs.

HUGHES: Oh, that. I just like things to be clean, perhaps a little cleaner than the next fellow. You won't find me catching a cold off the bathroom water glass.

O'DONOGHUE: Someone once said, I think it was Comte de Jean Marie Mathias Philippe Auguste Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, the noted 19th-century French novelist and short story writer, "As for living, our servants can do that for us." Might this philosophy of detachment, the near-Olympian disdain for the "dule and teen" of everyday existence, serve, in part or in whole, to explain your proclivities to reclusion?

HUGHES: Nothing so dramatic, Mike. I suppose, when you get right down to it, I'm just a "stay-at-home." And now that television's gotten so good, I —

[*A phone call cut off this answer and the interview continued a few minutes later.*]

HUGHES: Excuse the interruption. Where were we?

O'DONOGHUE: I was about to bring up flying. Needless to say, you're an accomplished pilot — winner, among countless other cups and medals for aviation, of the Harmon Trophy and the Collier Trophy. With a speed of 352.39 miles per hour, you once broke the record for the world's fastest landplane. You set many speed-distance records including a hazardous round-the-world flight in 1938. You also test-piloted the planes you designed and built, a practice that almost cost you your life when the XF-11, an experimental aircraft utilizing eight-bladed propellers, crashed in Beverly Hills. After all this, Howard, do you still fly planes?

HUGHES: You bet. I've always said that flying is kind of like riding a bicycle — once you learn it, you never lose it. Sort of gets in your blood, so to speak. Of course, I have staff pilots who handle the milk runs, but I still take a crate up now and then.

O'DONOGHUE: What about —

HUGHES: Mind you, I'm not the barnstormer I used to be but I can still do a Lufberry Circle with the best of them.

O'DONOGHUE: What about *Hercules,* the 200-ton seaplane constructed mainly of plywood, which was flown for about a mile, at an altitude of 70 feet, and has been in storage ever since at a reported cost of $36,000 a year?

HUGHES: I'm glad you asked me that because I'd like to clear that up right



I'm not the barnstormer I used to be, but I can still do a Lufberry Circle with the best of them.



When I was making movies, we didn't go in for all this psychological stuff. We were mostly interested in entertaining people.

now. Back in the late '40's, a lot of wiseacres thought a wooden airplane was silly. They nicknamed *Hercules* the "Spruce Goose" and made a lot of fool jokes about "flying lumberyards" and "Don't take any wooden airplanes!" Still gets me a mite hot under the collar. I'd like to go on record as saying that I still believe that the future of aviation lies in wooden airplanes. And [*word inaudible*] to consider, one of these days, when everybody comes to their senses, I'll put the *Hercules* prototype into mass production. What's your opinion of wooden airplanes, Mike?

O'DONOGHUE: Well . . . if you'll pardon my saying so . . . it just seems that metal might stand up to the stresses better . . . than wood.

HUGHES: You're entitled to your opinion, son. That's what makes this country great – the right to speak your mind. Holy Toledo! What kind of a world would it be if everybody thought the same?

O'DONOGHUE: Since you arrived in Vegas in 1966, you've purchased, for an estimated $500 million, five hotels, a golf course, an airport, two local airlines, a ranch, a television station and many parcels of land both in and around town. What, exactly, is behind all this?

HUGHES: I'm going to duck that one, Mike. Let me just say that when the time comes, I'll make everything perfectly clear. Sorry to be so doggoned . . . mysterious . . . but I'm sure you understand.

O'DONOGHUE: You produced and directed a number of outstanding motion pictures including the smash-hit *Hell's Angels*, *Scarface*, *Swell Hogan*, and *The Outlaw*, the film that shot Jane Russell into stardom. As someone who's been connected with Hollywood for so many years, what do you think of the motion pictures being made today?

HUGHES: Gee . . . some of the stuff that goes on now. . . . When I was making movies, we didn't go in for all this psychological stuff. We were mostly interested in entertaining people. Entertainment. There was none of this sordidness. I figure, folks get enough sordidness just reading the newspaper. When they go to a theater, they want to relax. These new movies have no plot, no action. Just some gal taking her clothes off. People are going to get bored with all this sordidness. It's a fad. It'll pass just like flagpole sitting.

O'DONOGHUE: What was the most recent motion picture you enjoyed?

HUGHES: The most recent . . . let's see now . . . I guess the last one was *The Incredible Mr. Limpet*. A very funny picture and not one you'd be ashamed to take your wife to.

O'DONOGHUE: Didn't I hear that at one time you wanted to be a saxophonist?

HUGHES: How the hell – pardon my French – did you ever dig that up? Why, yes, when I was about 14 or 15, I had my cap set on playing the saxophone, or the "licorice stick" as we called it. Until my dad put his foot down, I was all ready to run off with one of those touring jazz bands. Son of a gun! That really takes me back.

O'DONOGHUE: Excuse me, sir, but doesn't the term "licorice stick" refer to the clarinet?

HUGHES: Gosh, you're probably right. It's been so many years ago. Lot of water under the bridge. I remember the name of the band, though . . . Ronnie Rondeau and His Ritzy Six. Always wore tuxedos whenever they played. Boy, that tugs on a few heartstrings.

O'DONOGHUE: One final question – how does one become a billionaire?

HUGHES: Well, you don't get to be a billionaire by lollygagging around. You go out and you earn it. Success is 1 per cent inspiration and 99 per cent perspiration. And I'll tell you something else – money can't buy happiness. Don't forget that, son.

O'DONOGHUE: Thank you, Howard. That's good advice for us all.

[end of taped interview]

continued

The Story Behind the Interview

This January, while on assignment for H--iday *Magazine, I happened to be passing through Las Vegas and, playing a long-shot, called Bob Maheu, a former* FBI *agent now serving as Howard Hughes's aide, and requested an interview with his elusive employer. You can well imagine my surprise when, after Mr. Maheu had replied, "Hold on a sec and I'll ask," he came back on the line only moments later to say, "Sure. Come on over."*

Within 10 minutes, I was at the Desert Inn, the hotel Hughes bought soon after he arrived in Vegas in December of 1966, riding a private elevator to the penthouse. There I was met by half a dozen or so burly yet clean-cut young men (most of Howard's personal staff are Mormons), one of whom stepped in front of me and barked, "Go right in! He's expecting you!" He pointed toward a door, but before I could reach it, it opened and a lanky, rather good-looking man wearing unpressed trousers, a faded sport shirt and a 5 o'clock shadow strode over to me, shook my hand and said, "Hi. I'm Howard Hughes."

Leading me to a bar inside his office, he inquired, "What's your pleasure?" and added, "I'm a bourbon man, myself." I indicated a preference for Scotch-on-the-rocks and the tall Texan poured me a long one and freshened up his own drink with a few jiggers of Jack Daniels. I was anxious to get right to the interview, somewhat nervous about wasting the time of a billionaire, but Howard was not to be rushed. In a soft drawl that underscored his relaxed, low-keyed manner, he discussed the Nevada climate ("It's hot, but it's a dry heat . . . the mercury may soar, but you don't really feel it"), my wife and kids ("Is that your youngest? Gosh, she's a cute little thing"), even the difficulty of quitting smoking ("I've given them up a hundred times . . .") while lighting up another Philip Morris. Far from the aloof and cold misanthrope I'd been given to expect, I found Howard to be a warm and gracious host going out of his way to put me at my ease.

When the interview did get under way, it was soon interrupted by a phone call. Since Howard, slightly deaf from a childhood disease, employs a special phone with an amplified receiver, I couldn't help but overhear the conversation. It seems an old acquaintance, a mechanic who'd worked at one of Howard's aircraft factories, couldn't raise the money for a much-needed operation. Howard simply replied, "I'll send you a blank check by messenger. Good hearing from you," and hung up. He immediately dispatched a messenger with the check.

Later, when the interview was over, Howard again shook my hand, saying, "Listen, whenever you're around this neck of the woods, give me a ring and drop by. Keep in touch. Let's not be strangers."

I was about to step into the elevator, when I paused, turned, and fired my final question — "Why haven't you granted a public interview since 1954?"

He grinned, shrugged, and rejoindered, "I guess nobody ever caught me at the right time."

Even now, writing this months later, I can still see him framed in the doorway, waving good-bye, behind him, over his desk, a large poster of Jane Russell lying lush in a haymow, headlined, "How'd You Like to Tussle with Russell?" And then I glance back over my notes, notes like:

Tel. no. Desert Inn: 735-1122 . . . married Jean Peters . . . 1st wife Ella Rice of the Rice Institute Rices (divorced '28) . . . full name Howard Robard Hughes (nicknamed "Sonny") . . . born Christmas Eve, 1905 . . . likes bacon and avocado sandwiches . . . *Fortune* estimates net worth at $1,432,000,000 (as of 1966) . . . *Fortune* called him "The Spook of American Capitalism" . . . explains complex financial theories with such down-home aphorisms as "The early bird gets the worm!" and "Don't throw out the baby with the bath water!" . . . a high roller but hedges his bets . . . hails from the "Lone Star State" (Texas) . . . father a wildcatter who invented (or patented?) oil drill bit . . . Hughes Tool Co. . . . owns KLAS-TV . . . owns 77 per cent of TWA . . . tabloids dubbed him "HRH" (His Royal Highness after monogram) . . . VTOL craft . . . Krupp ranch . . . last known photo in 1956 . . . reputation as a soft touch: more than one Hughes employee down on his luck has found a little something x-tra in his pay envelope . . . apartment dubbed "San Limbo" . . . raised in Houston . . . wears many hats: movie director, playboy, aviator, aircraft designer, magnate, plus the famed brown fedora . . . came to Hollywood at 19 . . . not one to "thump his own tub". . . .

But somehow, Howard remains elusive. Somewhere, I lost the man who smiled and asked, "What grade is your oldest boy in?"

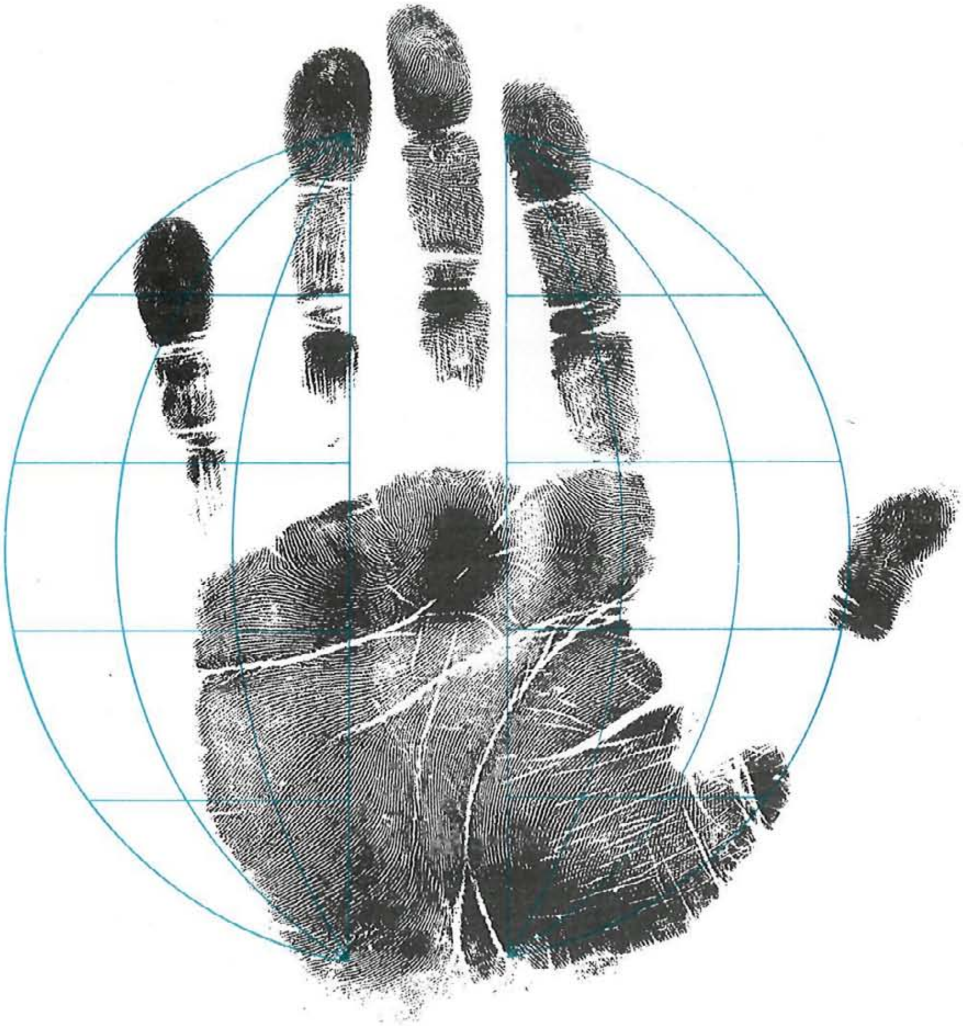
Fortune *may have called him "The Spook of American Capitalism," but I found Howard Hughes to be one hell — pardon my French — of a nice guy.*

Michael O'Donoghue
Manhattan 3/11/70



"Gnathan, meet Gnorman."

annual report 1970



cosnosco


You Lean On Us or We'll Lean On You
CosNosco
Free Heroin Urged for Addicts
Gino,
LOOK INTO
THIS

To the Stockholders:

1969 was a good year for CosNosCo. Sales and revenues hit record levels and net income reached a new high of $637,865,500 which, after taxes, added up to a healthy $637,865,500. All our subsidiaries showed strong gains in market position and overall profitability despite indications, towards the end of the last quarter, of an unfavorable business climate in the Northeast. Several key factors contributed to the unprecedented success of the year:

☐ After a decade of inaction, the U.S. Government finally adopted a get-tough policy on unrestricted imports (chiefly from Mexico) of directly and unfairly competing products which have for years damaged the company's business and crippled the domestic industry. As a result of this enlightened step, sales of our products have shown a dramatic increase, especially in the so-called "youth market," and there is every indication of continued growth.

☐ Except for a short period in the first half of the year, threats of widespread labor peace remained largely unfulfilled, and the company was able, on numerous occasions, to serve in its valuable mediating and consulting roles in contract disputes.

☐ The recent change in Administration brought with it a long-awaited reduction in Federal interference and destructive over-regulation and the welcome removal of several shortsighted and overzealous officials whose hostility towards free enterprise has been so harmful in the past.

☐ The company continued to enjoy its widely envied good relations with local governments in dozens of communities throughout the country.

As always, a great deal of credit for the company's phenomenal success must be given to the entire CosNosCo family. From the minor "button-man's" skimming "a little off the top" from the "take" at one of our huge, modern clipping houses to the division head's awarding an important contract, CosNosCo depends on everyone on the team, and all CosNosCo employees can take quiet pride in the year's accomplishments.

Bananas Bonino

C. Bananas Bonino
President

February 14, 1970



PHOTOS BY MICHAEL SULLIVAN

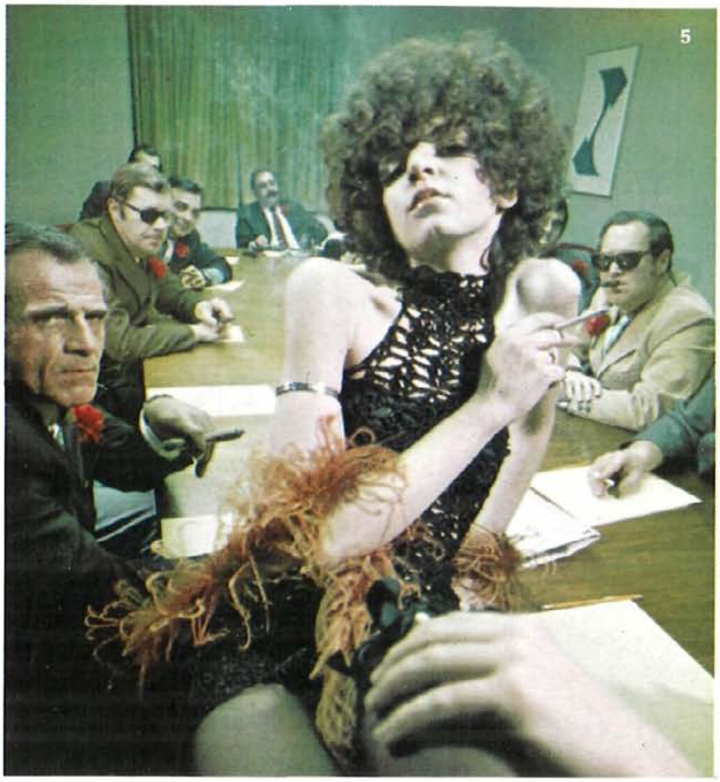












1. The CosNosCo Board of Directors in session (clockwise from left): Mr. Daniel Lugubria; Mr. Vincent T. Paresi Jr.; Mr. Anthony R. Bacteria; Mr. Vito P. Herring; Mr. Charles D. Rubella; Miss Foofy la Frengue; Mr. Joseph T. Cassava; Mr. C. Bananas Bonino; Mr. Albert Alveoli; Mr. Francis T. P. Pimento; Mr. Louis B. Gabardino; Mr. Worthington S. Wingate III; and Mr. Thomas Vaselino (Chairman).
2. The Executive Committee of CosNosCo.
3. The Board discussing reorganization plans.
4. Members of the Board who will continue to serve in their present capacity during 1970.
5. Miss la Frengue, Treasurer and Recording Secretary.
6. Mr. Lugubria and Mr. Paresi in a playful moment.

Management Reorganization

Over the years, CosNosCo and its subsidiaries have shown the flexibility and adaptability necessary to meet changing market conditions and new economic challenges. In this tradition, CosNosCo has recently undertaken a broad realignment of its organizational structure for the purpose of increasing managerial efficiency and putting the company in the strongest possible position to take advantage of future opportunities.

During the course of this reorganization, it was deemed necessary to re-allocate certain key personnel whose functions, it was felt, could be enhanced by thoughtful redistribution. Among the top executives affected were Thomas L. Lupeze, former New Orleans District Manager, who was transferred to the Port of New York; Vincent A. Albiani, a former Vice President in our Chicago affiliate, who is now doing soil research after completing some consulting work with the Federal government; Charles P. Fettucine, until recently Assistant District Manager in San Francisco, who has taken a leave of absence to travel abroad; and Anthony Salmonella, General Counsel for our Philadelphia affiliate, who announced his retirement in May and recently purchased a farm.



1. Mr. Charles Rubella, one of the members of the aggressive, forward-looking CosNosCo team.
2. Mr. Rubella discussing acquisition offer with President of Consolidated Shipping Co.
3. Part of retirement ceremonies recently held for Mr. Daniel Lugubria.
4. A CosNosCo researcher conducts a random interview as *part of our opinion sampling* service.
5. One of the hard-hitting posters used in our recent traffic safety program.



2

Business Review

Whether it's a Florida subsidiary ensuring labor peace for the Apollo program or a Detroit affiliate helping to take the uncertainty out of planning major sports events; whether we're discovering new uses for the ocean floor or working hand in hand with local governments on massive construction projects, the CosNosCo industries family is constantly searching for new ways to put its know-how to work. *During 1969, our activities were characterized by a diversity and a* level of profitability that reflects this search.

Our pharmaceuticals division remained a major source of revenue for the company as a whole. Sales exceeded those of any previous period, and the strong brand loyalty of our customers kept orders high and prices firm throughout the year. As in the past, this division's unique franchise distribution system continued to be a highly successful marketing device.

Our direct mail solicitation operations grew significantly in 1969, chiefly as the result of recent technological advances that provided the means to give mailing pieces more impact and thus increased first-time response from 86% to 91%.

The generally unsettled social climate produced marked gains for our subsidiaries specializing in protecting small businesses and property from acts of wanton vandalism by the various political and minority groups, whose activities appear to be spreading to even the most seemingly peaceful areas.

As in past years, our book division was a major contributor to the overall profit picture, and our management consulting service, a relatively new enterprise which helps troubled businesses to realize sizable profits through inventory reduction, aggressive sales management and sophisticated accounting procedures, also achieved a very high level of profitability.



3



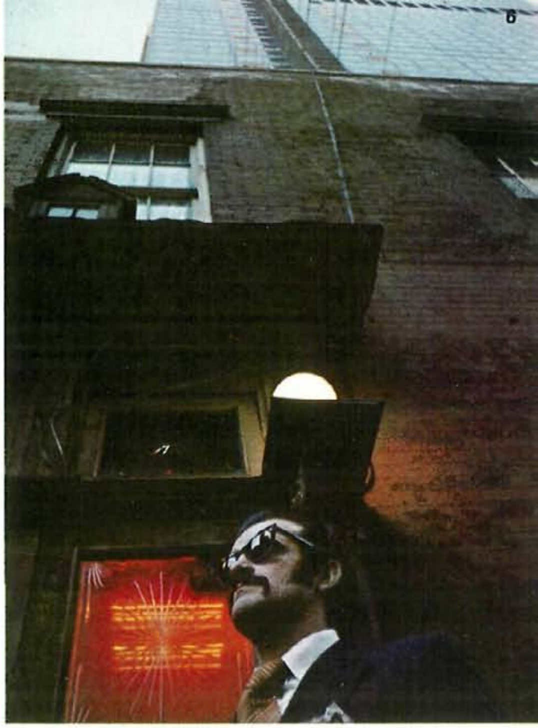


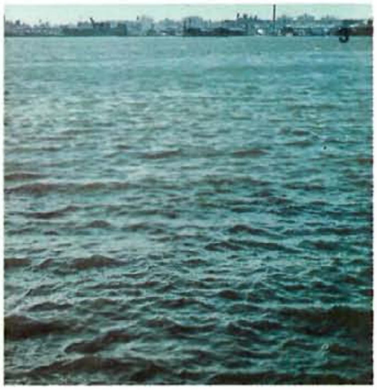
5





1. Mr. G. A. Fettucine, Vice President (Technology), with "third generation" computer equipment recently acquired by the Company.
2. The St. Louis Trucking Co., a recently acquired affiliate.
3. Water, our precious national resource.
4. & 5. New pollution control devices being tested: above, equipment without filtration, and below, with new fiber precipitator.
6. Mr. C. Rubella outside our New York headquarters with new addition rising in background.
7. Our Weehauken port facility.



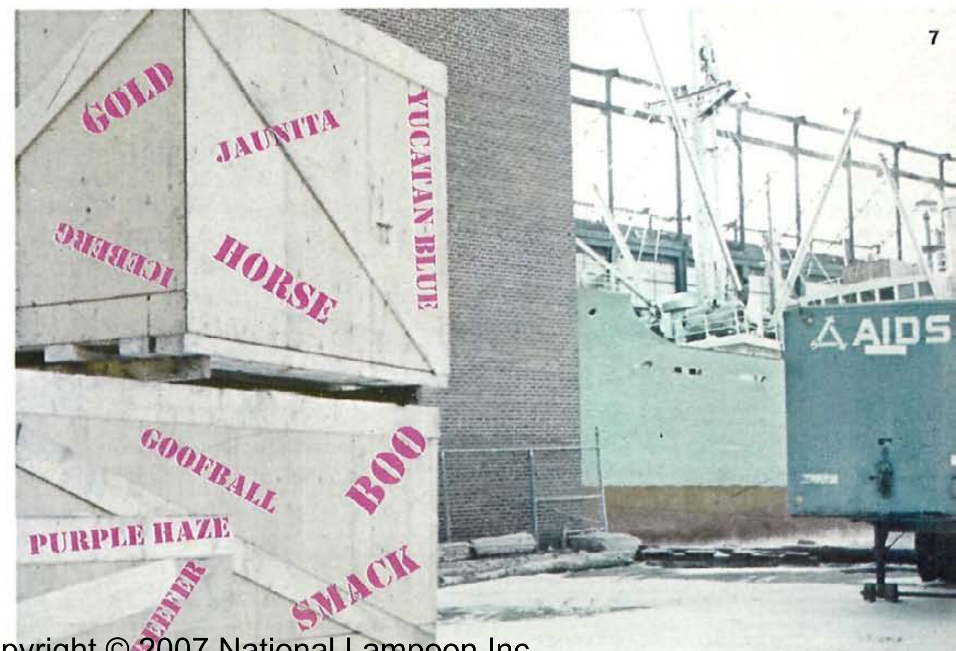


Into the Future

As we enter the Seventies, CosNosCo and its subsidiaries can look back on a decade of significant achievements and unprecedented growth. In every phase of operation, the 10-year period has been the most successful since the decade preceding Wet Monday and the 1933 crash. In order to insure the maintenance of this level of growth, the company has embarked on an ambitious program of expansion and modernization designed to keep it competitive with traditional business rivals.

The company has long been aware of its responsibilities to the society it serves. In this respect, CosNosCo is proud of its long history of providing services and employment opportunities for minority groups in inner-city areas, and it intends to pursue strongly its policy of hiring and training disadvantaged citizens for useful roles in society. CosNosCo has also demonstrated a long-standing concern for air, water and noise pollution and is devoting a considerable effort to discovering new methods of disposing of the by-products of its operations.







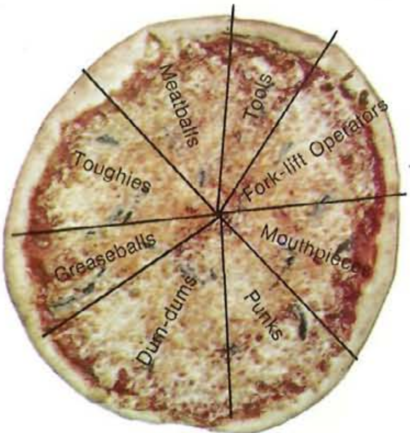
1



2



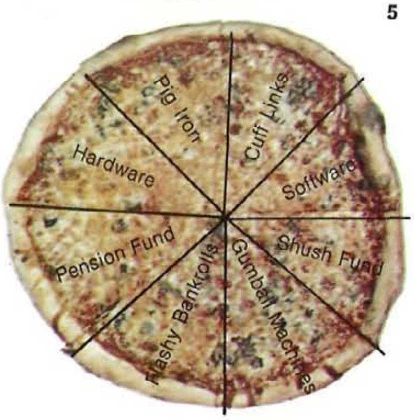
3



4



5



1. Mr. V. P. Herring, Mr. C. B. Bonino and Mr. A. R. Bacteria, members of the Board of Overseers.
2. Breakdown of Business Expenses.
3. Breakdown of Labor Costs.
4. Breakdown of Raw Material Costs.
5. Breakdown of Capital Expenditures.

The Year at a Glance

Unfortunately, our various wholly owned subsidiaries and affiliates are too numerous to mention individually, but their contribution to revenues was consistently high.
CosNosCo will, as it has in the past, continue to fight for relaxation of outmoded and anachronistic customs barriers and other restraints to the free flow of goods in international trade markets, and for an end to excessive government regulation of and interference in the normal operation of free enterprise.

SCHEDULE OF INVESTMENTS	Market Value
East-West Gypsum Co.	$ 45,634,101
Mutuel of Omaha, Inc.	91,865,300
Cook County Machine Co.	9,492,198
Grassy Knoll Development Co., Inc.	4,309,299
Consolidated Dyeing and Finishing Co.	13,409,354
A-A Zagang Zollherr, A.G.	9,376,400
Foreize Giolli Gufello, S.A.	325,878
Vive La Compagnie, S.A.	1,080,344
Crater, Celeste and Bertram Assoc.	8,443,000
Mobster Lobster House, Inc.	65,712,903
Societa por la Exploitazione da Sucre et da Paysans, S.A.	4,912,776
DuPunk, Inc.	12,615,414
Royal Dutch Shultz, Ltd.	54,987,314
Acme Silk Purse, Inc., (a division of Consolidated Sow's Ear, Inc.)	8,717,382
Syndex, Inc.	65,109,615
Dorsal Loan Co.	43,823,590
Mobonics Industries, Inc.	21,934,003
New Jersey	41,404,892
	$523,904,348

Consolidated Balance Sheet

ASSETS

	December 31	
	1969	1968
CURRENT ASSETS:		
Cash	**$ 72,356,010**	$ 93,245,010
Slugs	**426,878**	223,145
U.S. Government and other short-term securities at original cost	**000**	000
Notes receivable	**32**	6
TOTAL CURRENT ASSETS	**$ 72,782,920**	$ 93,468,161
INVENTORIES:		
Odd lots	**88,545,900**	77,090,726
Miscellaneous	**54,363,880**	43,682,077
Items not enumerated above	**543,213,026**	433,104,698
LAND, PLANTS, EQUIPMENT AND OTHER PROPERTIES, less accumulated amortization	**724,909,523**	523,909,724
NOTEBOOKS, GOODWILL AND OTHER INTANGIBLES	**55,213,404**	55,213,403
	$1,254,802,133	$1,001,506,312

LIABILITIES AND SHAREHOLDERS' INVESTMENT

	1969	1968
CURRENT LIABILITIES		
Notes payable—banks	**$ 2,450**	2,450
Notes payable—commercial paper	**420**	420
Notes payable—paper	**32,191,765**	24,506,223
Mickey the Thumb	**100,000**	—
SUNDRY RESERVES AND DEFERRED CREDITS	**92,342,090**	88,213,509
MINORITY INTERESTS IN CONSOLIDATED SUBSIDIARIES	**654**	99
SHAREHOLDERS' INVESTMENT		
Common stock, par value $1.00 per share	**82,261,000**	78,616,540
Authorized—5,500 shares		
Issued and outstanding—2,800,000 and 3,780,000 shares respectively	**556,344,202**	343,819,131
Additional paid-in capital	**413,128,997**	298,343,109
Retained earnings	**545,101,266**	456,178,096
	$1,254,802,133	$1,001,506,312

AUDITOR'S CERTIFICATE

To the Directors and Stockholders of CosNosCo Corporation:

We have examined the consolidated balance sheet of CosNosCo Corporation and Subsidiaries as of December 31, 1969, and the related statement of income and earned surplus and the statement of source and disposition of funds for the year then ended. Our examination included such tests of the accounting records and such other auditing procedures as we deemed advisable under the circumstances.

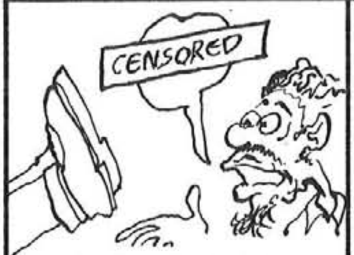
In our opinion, the aforementioned financial statements represent an interesting statement of the consolidated financial position of CosNosCo Corporation and Subsidiaries at December 31, 1969, and the results of their operations for the year then ended and the source and disposition of funds for the year ended December 31, 1969, in conformity with generally accepted accounting principles applied on a consistent basis and used in a conscientious program of dental hygiene, regular checkups and limited between-meal treats.

Weinglass & Nedick

UP WITH NEGROES

By John Weidman

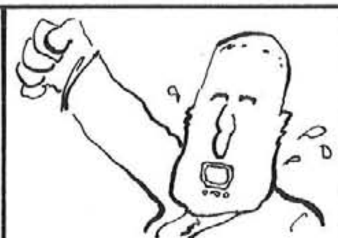




May 1, 1970: Harris Poll asks blacks if President has their "faith and trust." Of the replies tabulated, 11% are "yes," 82% are "no," and 7% are unprintable.



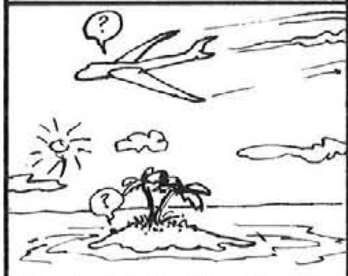
May 2: Nixon promises to respond to blacks with "deeds, not empty promises."



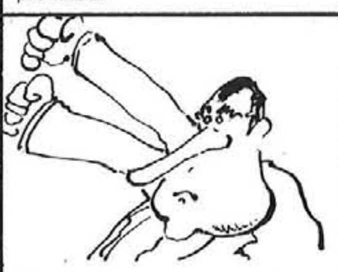
May 3: Vice President Agnew, stressing government's desire to "help Negroes help themselves," hints at "new Federal program designed to nurture and develop black cannibalism."



May 4: Speaking at Howard University, CORE Director Roy Innis suggests that the phrase Agnew wants is black *capitalism.* He looks on as a group of undergraduates eat the Vice President in effigy.



May 5: Vice President Agnew is dispatched on a goodwill tour of American possessions in the South Pacific.



May 6: Nixon announces "revolutionary new program aimed at developing black business and industry." He labels program *Up With Negroes!*



May 7: Harlem Congressman Adam Clayton Powell calls Nixon program "so many empty promises," and demands to know how project will be funded.



May 8: Nixon announces diversion of $5 million of H.E.W. funds to *Up With Negroes!* and appoints H.E.W. Undersecretary Ronald Duffer along with Small Business Administration Chairman Hilary Saddlesoap Jr. as project's co-administrators.



May 9: Brooklyn Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm discovers that money earmarked for *Up With Negroes!* has been diverted from *Project Head Start.*



May 10: Nixon restores funds to *Head Start* program and reduces *Up With Negroes!* budget to $2 million. "We can't have our cake and fiscal responsibility, too," he explains.



May 11: Open letter to the President signed by many prominent Negroes appears in *The Washington Post* demanding that a black man be appointed administrator of new program.



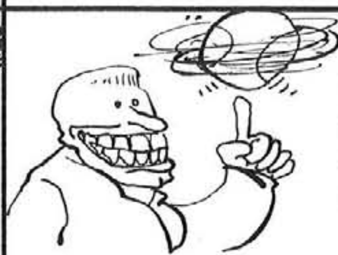
May 12: President offers position as *Up With Negroes!* Special Advisor to Mrs. Coretta Scott King. She declines. Cleveland Mayor Carl Stokes turns down similar offer.



May 13: Nixon vows to continue search for "competent Negro advisor."



May 14: At swearing-in ceremonies for program's co-administrators, President Nixon introduces his "trusted advisor and friend of long standing," H.E.W. Undersecretary Ronald Duffer. The President discovers that Duffer is a Negro.



May 15: Chairman Saddlesoap announces *Up With Negroes!* first project — a black-run basketball clinic in the Poconos for "deserving Negro youngsters."



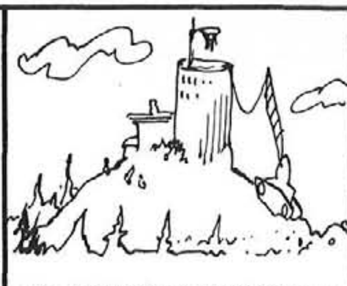
May 16: NAACP Director Roy Wilkins likens Saddlesoap's approach to racial problems to "putting Band-Aids on a brain tumor."



May 17: In an angry reply, Saddlesoap offers to mail Wilkins a box of Band-Aids. He goes on to insist on the great social strides American Negroes have made through the game of basketball. He cites as one example U.N. diplomat Ralph Bunche, whom he jokingly refers to as "the ultimate Harlem globetrotter."



May 18: In a half-page ad in *The New York Times,* Saddlesoap apologizes to Ralph Bunche.



May 19: Black construction crews begin work at basketball clinic's site on Mt. Iroquois in the Poconos.



May 20: Construction crew foreman Tyrone Washington is eaten by bear.



May 21: Ex-CORE Director Floyd McKissick accuses President of "sending black boys to their death in the jungles of the Poconos." Nixon sends condolences to Washington's family.



May 22: Construction is halted as members of the Sierra Club occupy site to "protect natural woodland environment."



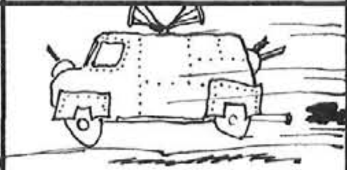
May 23: Fighting breaks out between black builders and white conservationists; Pennsylvania State Police are called in to clear Mt. Iroquois. President is unavailable for comment.



May 24: NAACP Director Wilkins accuses the Administration of "failure to deal sincerely and directly with American blacks."



May 25: Chairman Saddlesoap promises to "close the credibility gap by going directly to the Negro people" with *Up With Negroes!* second project.



May 26: Saddlesoap announces that, as an emergency measure, foodstuffs and other supplies earmarked for CARE and the Peace Corps will be diverted to inner city areas. His announcement is made from an unmarked armored sound truck speeding through the streets of Harlem.



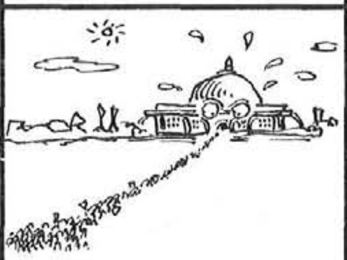
May 27: Angry blacks overturn and burn H.E.W. trucks in the Anacostia area of Washington. They march on the White House waving rakes and hoes and hurling three-quart tin cans bearing the Turkish inscription, "This evaporated milk is a gift from the government of the United States."



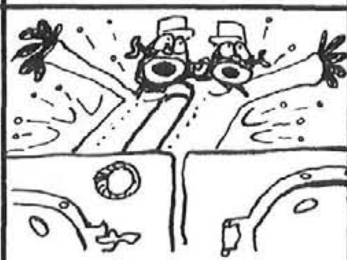
May 28: Hilary Saddlesoap is appointed Ambassador to Paraguay.



May 29: Ronald Duffer is named new Chairman of Small Business Administration and given sole responsibility for implementing *Up With Negroes!*



May 30: Duffer announces major publicity campaign to kick off new program and invites all black businessmen to submit their requests for Federal subsidy.



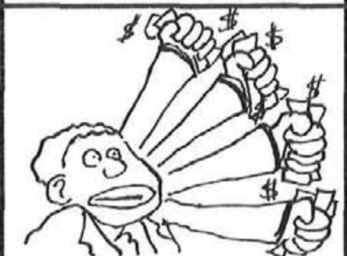
May 31: First *UWN!* spot appears on television. It shows two of the original Ink Spots behind the counter of their own laundromat singing *I Got Plenty o' Nuthin'.*



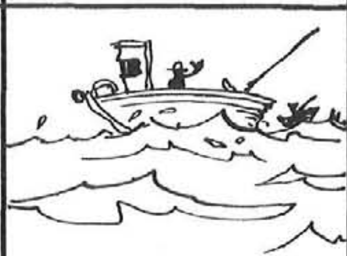
June 1: Second TV spot appears. It pictures a black Pullman car porter standing on the steps of the Twentieth Century Limited shouting, "All aboard the prosperity train!"



June 2: In a half-page ad in *The New York Times,* Duffer apologizes to A. Philip Randolph.



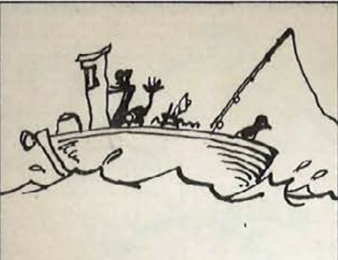
June 3: Administrator Duffer announces that four requests for Federal subsidies have been selected as *Up With Negroes!* pilot projects.



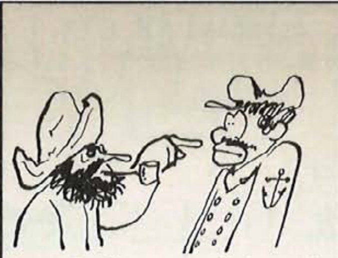
June 4: First cash award goes to "Cap'n Jack" Thomas, who purchases small fleet of tuna boats he intends to operate out of Gloucester, Mass.



June 5: Second Federal subsidy goes to United Negronics, a corporation headed by Watts businessman Francis 3X Bushman. "We going to make all those tubes and stuff that go in your TV," says Bushman.



June 6: Cap'n Jack puts to sea with an all-black crew and a crowd of reporters. He catches two tuna and loses three reporters overboard.



June 7: Gloucester Fisherman's Association accuses Cap'n Jack of "discriminatory hiring practices" and brings suit in District Court.



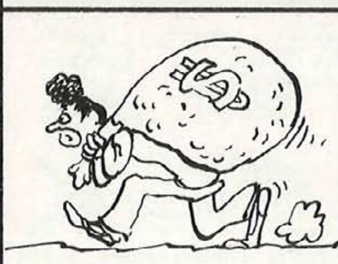
June 8: Negronics head Bushman claims he underestimated his "initial capital investment." He demands and receives additional $50,000 subsidy.



June 9: Eight fishermen dressed as American Indians sneak onto Cap'n Jack's ship at midnight and dump his two tuna into Gloucester Harbor.



June 10: Administrator Duffer announces third Federal subsidy to Jive-Burger, Inc., a corporation which will franchise coast-to-coast, take-out food shops called Grit Pits.



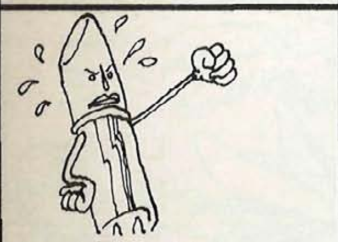
June 11: Negronics chief Bushman insists he underestimated "initial operating expenses." He receives $35,000 in additional Federal funds.



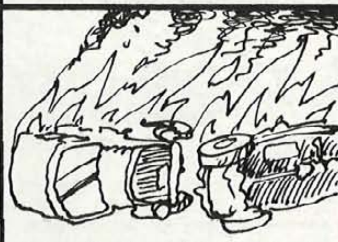
June 12: Duffer announces fourth *UWN!* pilot project. Federal funds are awarded to George Davis, president of Brown Beauty, Inc., Harlem firm manufacturing cosmetics for Negroes.



June 13: Cap'n Jack loses suit in District Court and puts to sea with all-white crew. They catch 83 tuna and Cap'n Jack is lost overboard.



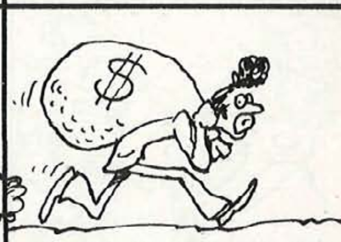
June 14: Four black manufacturers of Negro cosmetics claim they are being forced out of business by Federally subsidized competition and band together to form Afrotron.



June 15: Two Afrotron trucks making deliveries in the Harlem area are overturned and set on fire. Brown Beauty president Davis expresses concern and disclaims responsibility.



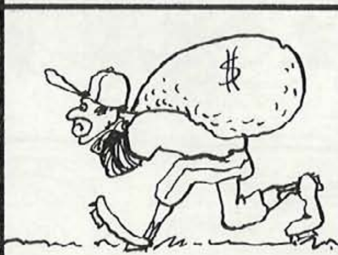
June 16: First Grit Pit opens in Detroit. On hand are Administrator Duffer and Cleveland Indians baseball player Willie Mayonnaise.



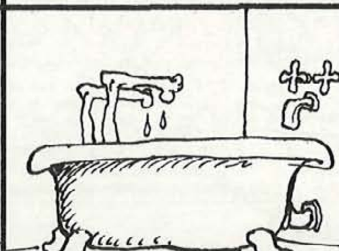
June 17: Negronics president Bushman claims high operating costs force him to "relocate his operation." He requests and is granted an additional subsidy of $65,000.



June 18: Second Grit Pit opens in Chicago. Serving the first "Afroburger" is ballplayer Mayonnaise.



June 19: Washington Post reveals that 92% of Jive-Burger, Inc., stock is owned by Willie Mayonnaise, whose annual salary totals quarter of a million dollars.



June 20: Afrotron president Alvin Jones is found shot to death in New York apartment. George Davis is unavailable for comment.



June 21: Brown Beauty, Inc., receives an additional Federal grant and buys out the three remaining partners in Afrotron.



June 22: United Negronics chief Francis 3X Bushman announces the dissolution of his corporation in a speech broadcast back to the United States by Radio Havana.



June 23: Attorney General John Mitchell launches an investigation into underworld infiltration of the Negro cosmetics industry.



June 24: Ronald Duffer is appointed Ambassador to Upper Volta.



June 25: President Nixon announces the "temporary suspension" of *Up With Negroes!* In its place he names July 5-July 12 as National Negro Businessman Week. He encourages everyone to "set aside those seven days to patronize their local black businessmen." □

THE GALL ST

© 1970 National Lampoon &

VOL. CLXXVI NO. 39 ★★★ THURSDA

Duplicate Key To Life?

Biologist Stumbles Upon Method of Synthesizing Life in Laboratory

Debate Rages: Life, Mystery or Enigma?

Religious Leaders Miffed.

By David Branflake
Armchair Science Reporter of
The Gall Street Journal

WEMBLEY-ON-THE-HALFSHELL, England—The thick, green, topiaried gardens which surround the crumbling country house that once belonged to a close friend of Gladstone's eldest sister present an unlikely setting for the beaker- and retort-filled laboratory of Dr. Osmiroid Ovaltine. Amid humming generators, bubbling containers of sluggish liquids and the crackling arc flashes which periodically leap between two enormous electric toothbrushes, the white-haired, hunched silhouette of the 73-year-old biologist is only barely discernible.

Dr. Ovaltine has found, much to the astonishment of a normally unflappable scientific community, the secret of creating "artificial" life through a revolutionary electro-chemical process. After 30 years of constant experimentation, the visibly senile Ovaltine claims to have finally achieved what is possibly the most important scientific breakthrough since the discovery that a stone thrown straight up will invariably induce a splitting headache in the thrower. With the pain in his haggard face of the long, fruitless years of failure that preceded his discovery, Dr. Ovaltine gestures to the tiers of cages, bell jars, culture dishes and cupcake trays that line the wall. In a large fish tank float the motionless forms of dead goldfish equipped with three-bladed propellers. "Another blinkin' botch," he shrugs as he extracts from a wire cage what appears to be a miniature rhinoceros no more than six inches in length. As the tiny animal forages in the remnants of a neglected tuna fish salad, the professor comments, "The bloody nit was supposed to be a Cornish 'en with roller bearings."

Irritably, he waves a vague and withered hand in the direction of other unsuccessful creatures, including lifeless winged garter snakes, stuffed amphibious cows and stillborn, seven-legged tree toads. Not until he comes to the last cage at the far end of the laboratory does his face brighten, as he indicates what is apparently a six-foot high ball of brown fur. "This is my triumph, if I don't say so myself," he explains. "I call it 'a ball of brown fur.'" As if understanding the doctor's words, the huge, hairy sphere bounces thunderously up and down several times. "[illegible]

What's News—

Business and Finance

GENERAL MOTORS chief executive James Roche startled the National Association of Manufacturers with news of a recently developed noiseless, pollution-free and unprecedentedly economical automotive engine. The engine, which he stated would run 128 miles to a gallon of gasoline, could be produced for one-third the cost of present power plant and would require 75% less maintenance to operate. All savings, he emphasized, would be passed directly to the consumer. He then proceeded to don woman's clothing and prance about the rostrum, after which the announcement was taken somewhat less seriously.

(Story on Page 6)

* * *

The maiden flight of the Army's 642-ton, C-6 "Winged Whale" transport plane revealed a structural flaw in the landing gear, which failed to operate properly during its first landing approach. The difficulty was traced to an error in the original design, which inexplicably failed to specify any particular landing apparatus. Pentagon officials assured the press that the still-circling, $650-million transport could be refueled in the air "indefinitely" until the bug was ironed out.

(Story on Page 3)

* * *

Fuller Brushes was named in what the Washington State attorney general called "a landmark case in consumer protection" when the courts threw out the conviction of a homeowner who shot and killed a particularly annoying door-to-door salesman. The State Supreme Court stamped the killing "justifiable homicide."

(Story on Page 18)

* * *

The cigarette industry denied that its trademark applications for the names "Acapulco Gold," "Panama Red" and "Vietnamese Green," all commonly used terminology for marijuana, in no way indicated an interest in the legalization of the drug. "By claiming the rights to these names," explained a PR representative, "we are simply prohibiting their use by irresponsible parties who may wish to crassly exploit the youth market with this untested and possibly harmful substance."

(Story on Page 17)

World-Wide

THE GREAT PYRAMID OF CHEOPS w
reported missing by UN observers after wh
was apparently the most ambitious Israeli fo
into Egyptian territory to date.

The well-known funereal edifice, origina
built for the Pharoah Khufu *(Khay-Roh)*
2600 B.C. and popularly held to be one
the Seven Wonders of the ancient world, w
seized by an unspecified number of Isra
"Battling Bagel" cargo-carrying helicopters d
ing a lightning air raid early yesterday mor
ing. The surprise raid allegedly began wh
an Egyptian radar unit picked up the tellt
blips of several thousand "Battling Bage
during their westward approach across t
Nile. However, reliable sources say, the hast
trained Arab technicians mistakenly read t
points of light as the annual westward mig
tion of wild desert cranes and casually resum
their mid-morning naps. Minutes later, t
helicopters were hovering over the hu
monument while Israeli paratroopers quic
fastened the steel grappling hooks to its si
and base. Carefully lifted from its loose sa
foundation, the stone landmark was last se
headed in an easterly direction toward T
Aviv. The largest of the "Great" or "Very Bi
pyramids, the granite and limestone struct
measured approximately 453 feet in height a
766 feet on each of its three sides. Compos
of over two million individual blocks, so
weighing in at 15 tons, the 13-acre tomb h
been originally constructed as the final resti
place of one of Egypt's most influential poli
cal leaders. Once a treasure house contain
immense stores of gold, silver and valua
antiques, the pyramid had of late fallen i
general disrepair and disuse save for an oc
sional cameo role in American film spectac
lars. Radio Cairo bluntly scoffed at the alleg
loss of the archeological oddity and explain
the gaping hole in the sand as "either t
site of a major renovation or a mirage." Nev
theless, the Egyptian Deputy Minister
Public Parks and Pyramids threatened "ma
beautifully terrible retributions."

In a prepared statement, Israeli Defe
Minister Moshe Dayan was quoted as sayi
the monumental expropriation was "a just
prisal for the unprovoked attacks of Ar
instigated kamikaze cranes and anti-aircr
ibises against our practically unarmed rec
naissance helicopters. Our pilots had no cho
but to neutralize the hostile nesting place
these vicious aggressors. By me, the wh
pile of rocks was always an air hazard, a
way." In a reply to a strongly worded prot
from Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmo
Riad, Israel's Prime Minister Golda M
showed little outward concern. "Pyram
schmyramid," she commented, "they're lu
we didn't take their big-deal Sphinx, too."

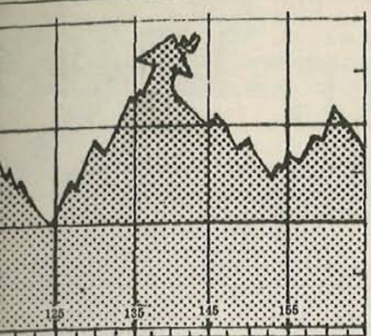
* * *

General Clayton Abrams and Preside

EET JOURNAL.

Y 14, 1970 (SP) 15 CENTS

Status Quo Maintained



OMPOSITE of key indicators, compiled hose who should know, reveals that while gs aren't getting any better, things aren't ing any worse, either. How you react to should tell you something very interest- about yourself.

Aquarian Entrepreneurs Cast Bread Upon Waters, Returns on Investments Soggy, Sizable

° ° °

Love Generation Finds Novel Ways of Cashing In Without Selling Out

By STEPHEN SUNSWEET
Pop Sociology Reporter of
THE GALL STREET JOURNAL

Like, what we all did was to get some bread ther and split for the Coast and set up our munally operated sandal shop, can you dig It really was beautiful, 'cause everybody ed with everybody else. Some of us ld make the sandals, and some of us would the sandals, and some of us would buy the lals. Then we shared the profits equally and like, *lived*. Can you dig it?" This novel ap- ich to retailing, explained by one of the mune members still recuperating from mal- ition in a San Francisco hospital, illustrates of the radical approaches youth is adopting efute such fusty old economic shibboleths as ply and demand.

ll over the country, young drop-outs are ng the dilemma of either "selling out" to the ablishment" to pay for their "pads" and sh," or "doing their thing" and running the of "starving" to "death." "You've gotta be ful not to let the System do a number on " explains 23-year-old Milo Meinblown, "or ll find that you're getting hung up on a whole ey trip. Like, that's all my father thinks ut – a buck and his plastic country club. If just get into *your own* head, *you* become re that hassling for bread is a bummer. Hey, er, got any spare change?"

rowing demand for hand-made clothing,

Business Bulletin

A Special Background Report on Things that Don't Fit Anywhere Else on the Page

PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANIES are meeting with stiffer opposition to the continued production of possibly dangerous birth-control drugs.

Growing protests are being made by a number of militant Women's Rights groups over the sale of oral contraceptives. "If those jokers haven't come up with a safer method of contraception," Women's Liberation Front spokeswoman Margot "Bull" Durham stated at an anti-pill rally, "they're just gonna have to *tie a string around it* until they do." Kicking off a week-long series of nationally coordinated demonstrations, Miss Durham exhorted women to withhold their favors from husbands and boy friends until a more reliable contraceptive is made available. "If *we* stick together," she explained to Women's Lib members, "the bastards will be itchy enough to work triple-time over those test tubes until they come up with something."

The Women's Liberation Front supports critics of the pill who link its continued use with a number of ailments. Miss Durham further claims that the pill may eventually transform susceptible users into "schizophrenics, insurance salesmen and two-car garages."

* * *

WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS and Hugh Hefner's Playboy Enterprises are in the final stages of merger negotiations which will eventually form the long-awaited Playmouse Corporation.

The two huge empires plan to join forces and broaden their entertainment facilities to tap the lucrative "dirty youth" market. Attempting to reach an economically powerful teen-age audience too old for animated hi-jinx and too young for the alcohol-fueled Playboy Clubs, Playmouse's first project will be the erection of a 609-acre "Breastland" in the Florida Everglades. "Breastland," dubbed "Disneyhutch" by a droll journalistic wag, will cater to "kinky kiddie" tastes in a special "Sado-land" subdivision, which features updated "perversions" of traditional rides, such as "Crack-the-Whip," "Around-the-World," and a live animal "Sodo-go-Round" (for guests over the age of 18).

Should initial Playmouse ventures prove successful, groundwork is already being laid for "Codgerland," a geriatric Xanadu catering to saturnalian senior citizens.

* * *

CREDIT CARD distributors were embarrassed to find that the "Fred Kanter" to whom they had sent a card was a 3-year-old basset hound.

Fred's owner, Townsend Rivaldo III, had filled out the application for his pet, dutifully listing Fred's occupation as "watchdog" in order to see how closely such credit card requests were screened. The red faces soon

How We Live

Steve Stayprest Has Good Job, Fine Family, Perfect Teeth, but Something's Wrong

A Typical Suburban Ad Man Cannot Achieve True Peace, Tranquility-Wise

Is Book-of-the-Month Club an Answer?

By a GALL STREET JOURNAL
Cracker-Barrel de Tocqueville

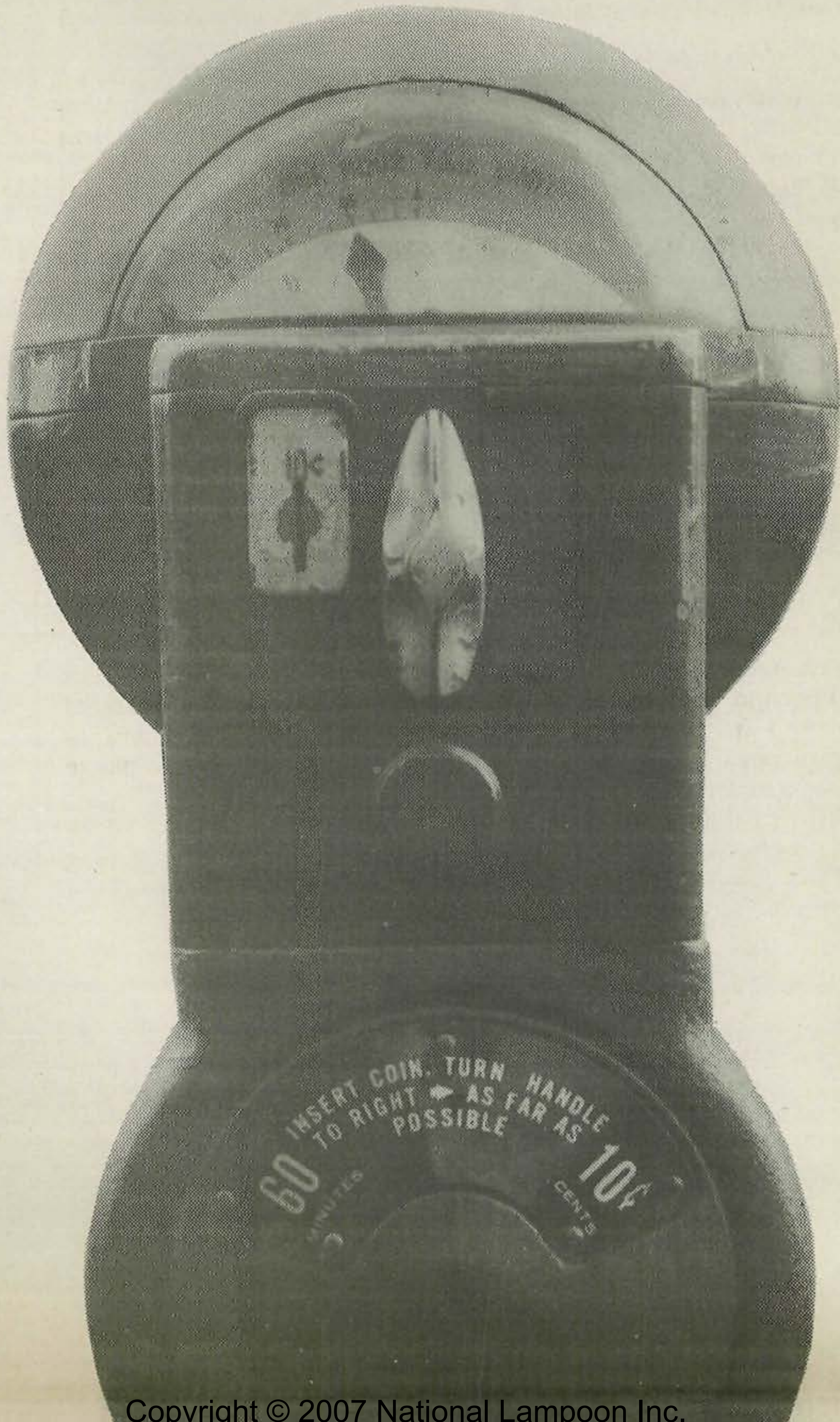
SYNDROME, Conn.—Steve Stayprest, age 46, makes $50,000 a year writing ads for Lymph, Node & Tumor, one of New York's trendiest ad agencies. Steve likes his job, his boss likes Steve's work and his wife likes his salary, which allows them to spend two weeks every year in Monte Glitz, one of France's most talked-about ski resorts and health spas.

There is only one flaw in this happy picture. Steve Stayprest, like many other executives who work in New York City and live in a convincing colonial house on a generous ¾-acre estate in the center of one of Connecticut's most sought-after suburbs, has become aware of, "I dunno, some sort of . . . cosmic longing, some sort of *spiritual* . . . void."

Steve Stayprest should be happy. His broad green lawn is trimmed by a self-propelled, 108 hp Munch-O-Matic mini tractor, and his slim, sharp-nosed wife is trimmed by the finest Bloomingdale's can provide.

When people from different parts of the country get together, say at their chic airport "sky clubs," they compare the different ways they live, how long they've been suspicious of Robert Finch, where to obtain the absolutely freshest negronis, when they first discovered shaped suits, which exclusive Eastern college is simply drooling to get its paws on their hydrocephalic sons, how they managed to convince the country club they'd been Episcopalian for generations. This is the first of a simply endless series of articles examining the different ways people of similar means live. You do take home $50,000 a year, don't you? No? Oh, dear. . . .

small change?



Tired of Being Pushed Around by Those Pinko Socialist Types?

Enroll in our

The Seminar
that has educated
more than 155,000
business and professional men
throughout the nation

FREE PRACTICAL ECONOMIC THEORY LECTURE SERIES

Take the offensive against those ivory-tower advocates of creeping socialism

DESIGNED TO HELP YOU WIN ARGUMENTS WITH THOSE SNOTTY KEYNESIAN ECONOMISTS . . .
. . . BECOME A MOVER-AND-SHAKER INSTEAD OF A CHUMP . . .

— SPECIAL EMPHASIS ON BIG WORDS —

Subjects Include:

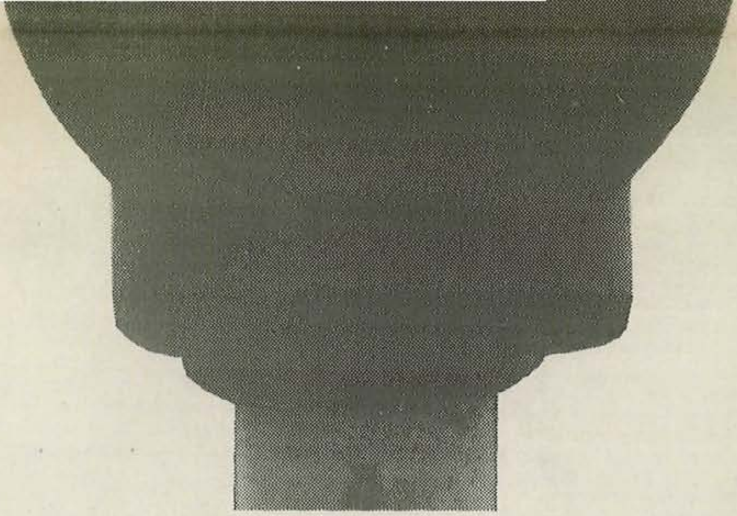
- Biblical Proof for Looser Federal Controls
- The Roosevelt Administration—Moscow's Triumph and America's Shame
- Making Civil Unrest Work FOR You, Not AGAINST You
- Who *Is* This Galbraith Character, Anyway?
- The International Communist Conspiracy and the Minimum Wage Law
- Thomas Hobbes—A Remembrance
- *The Wealth of Nations*—100 Easy-to-Remember Quotes
- Is Milton Friedman One of Ours or One of Theirs?
- Sidney Webb: Threat or Menace?
- Fiscal Stability Made E-Z; The Legacy of H. L. Hunt
- Consumer Protection and the Fall of the Roman Empire

***ADMISSION BY RESERVATION ONLY* — FULL SERIES OF THREE LECTURES**

SPONSORED BY

The Society for the Prevention of Fiscal Irresponsibility

PUBLIC SERVICES DIVISION
387 North Hamburger Avenue, Pasadena, California



Sure, a single parking meter earns its keep pretty slowly, nickel by nickel. But with just a single 3,000-unit franchise from FLI-BI-NITE, your own chain of privately owned parking meters could already be making you unbelievable gobs of money, hand over saliva-dampened fist! That's right! FLI-BI-NITE privately owned parking meter systems have already made hundreds of otherwise slow and stupid people just like you RICH, RICH, RICH practically overnight!

FLI-BI-NITE is a burgeoning chain of high margin, low-overhead parking meters that are the ultimate in profit engineering. All you need is an unpatrolled city street or two, a string of FLI-BI-NITE parking meters and *a bucket to hold your big fat profits!*

Hard to believe, eh? Seems impossible, doesn't it? Well, let's just look at the FLI-BI-NITE track record for a second. In 1962, there were three FLI-BI-NITE systems in the entire country, grossing a healthy $17,000 per month. NOW, there are over 78,643 FLI-BI-NITE systems in operation, whose gross profits will certainly top $109,768,000!!! How can you possibly resist this practically obscene opportunity to *gorge yourself sick* on quick, easy lettuce? Remember, FLI-BI-NITE offers no gimmicks, no come-ons, just the best parking meters that can be made and full instructions on how to keep that profit margin sky-high! Your own investment in FLI-BI-NITE can be as low as $65,000, while your earnings are limited only by the size of the pickup truck you use to transfer your profits to the bank!

If you have wondered whether a parking meter franchise might well fit in with your personal plans for growth, the answer is YES, YES, YES! Drop us a line. Or call Louis "Fingers" Dublonsky collect at (212) 762-1066. He'll send you the colorful brochure and follow it up only if you want a thorough exploration of this promising investment opportunity. We suggest you request the thorough exploration of this promising investment opportunity, because Louis is a very busy man and will be very annoyed if you waste his precious time.

FLI-BI-NITE Marketing Corporation • 189 East 66th St. • Rochester, New York 10045

Exclusive FLI-BI-NITE *Sales Representatives*

dribbles fine," chuckles Ovaltine, "but 'is shooting is nothin' to speak of."

A Fortuitous Paté

The final experiment that led to the ultimate synthesizing of the ball of brown fur was, as is often the case with such dramatic discoveries, partially the result of a laboratory fluke. Ovaltine had tried hundreds of different chemical combinations, testing each new formula in a converted washer-dryer that he claims "most perfectly duplicates the tidal cycles of the ocean, where life first began." Almost ready to give up his research, Ovaltine tried one last molecular combination involving various minutely measured amounts of carbon, protein, egg white and Vaseline. The results proved disappointing until the biologist accidently tipped his tea tray into the experimental broth, adding what Ovaltine believes to be "the crucial catalytic agent," approximately three-and-a-half ounces of goose liver paté. The first viable organism grown from this culture was a "beastie rather like your big toe," which survived for almost three days until it finally "seemed to lose the will to live, if you know what I'm meaning." Perfecting his method, it was only a matter of weeks before Ovaltine developed the physiologically more sophisticated ball of brown fur.

Recognition by fellow scientists has not yet followed Ovaltine's publication of his work. In an article printed in the prestigious *British Biological Digest and Sunday Bee*, Dr. Adam Clayton-Bulwer flatly rejected Ovaltine's findings, stating that the use of a hermetically sealed washer-dryer "seriously compromises the validity of any data derived from such extraordinary and unproved apparati." Dr. Clayton-Bulwer, himself working along the same lines as Ovaltine, cites the greater orthodoxy of his own personally designed vacuum chamber constructed from rigorously tested Hoover and Electrolux components.

Other scientists give varying opinions as to the worth of Ovaltine's ball of brown fur. "As far as I'm concerned," snorts Nobel prizewinner Dr. James Watson, "the whole thing smells like a tasteless publicity stunt for some sort of breakfast cereal." "As far as *I'm* concerned," replies Ovaltine, "Watson knows where he can stick his silly Nobel prize *and* his nasty little book. That goes double for that Barnard character, too, I might add."

Is God Dead, Again?

One of the most startling ramifications of Ovaltine's experiments is the philosophical implications of man-made life. "If I can make living thingies in my washer," the doctor points out, "the creation of Adam and Eve in that vegetable patch is about as impressive as an old Gouda cheese." Religious leaders from all parts of the world termed the production of brown fur balls as "the work of an antichrist . . . or worse," and the Archbishop of Canterbury has officially barred the biologist from the Anglican church, though this last move may have little effect since Ovaltine professes to be a lapsed Rosicrucian.

The questions multiply. Does the synthesis of brown balls of fur indicate an eventual artificial homo sapien? Is the "drifting spore" theory of life on Earth exploded? What, if any, are the legal and civil rights of brown fur balls? "Don't ask me," shrugs the cranky biologist, "I only work here."

Answers to these questions may be irrelevant, in any case. Dr. Ovaltine reports that the brown fur balls characteristically reproduce spontaneously every 12 hours and are apparently indestructible. "Which means," he adds, "that these beasties will cover every square foot of the Earth's surface in a month or so. Makes all this breast-beating rather pointless, don't you think?"

Please Turn to Page 20, Column 4

* * *

U. S. Steel and a number of other defense-related industries announced that 1971 should show a 56% production step-up. This remarkable growth was attributed to the expected government contracts that will follow mass national preparation for World War III, which was formally declared late yesterday afternoon.

(Story on Page 23)

* * *

Xerox has postponed production of its newly developed, high-veracity, full-color duplicator due to contractual difficulties with Canter Construction Co. Canter officials have returned the cash advance for the new factory facilities, alleging the bills have identical serial numbers.

(Story on Page 14)

* * *

Ralph Nader sheepishly apologized to ptomaine-stricken legal assistants after a banquet he hosted in their honor at the Waldorf Astoria in New York City. While overseeing the preparation of the salad dressing, the crusading consumerist inadvertently added turpentine to the appetizers instead of vinegar, effectively hospitalizing over 150 guests.

(Story on Page 19)

* * *

Telephone rates on all calls in the continental United States will be dramatically cut up to 40% by AT&T at the insistence of the FCC, which had claimed "gross overcharges and inadequate services" against the company. Simultaneously, AT&T announced the immediate replacement of all home units with a newly styled "Super Princess" phone in response to the enforced ruling. The "Super Princess" hand set will require an installation fee of only 39¢, with small extra charges for additional cans or extension strings.

(Story on Page 27)

* * *

Sharp price increases and a continued business slowdown during the third quarter offset by an estimated 7% upturn with extensive revisions in predicted advances after profit taking as well as a soaring debt ceiling projected against earnings in conjunction with a moderate cooling of the economy and an as yet unchecked inflationary spiral.

(Story on Page 19)

* * *

Markets—

Stocks—Volume 6,574,000 shares. Dow Jones Industrials 648.35, off 110.49 points; transportation 79.77, off 87.99; utilities even worse, oy, what a day.

Bonds—Heavy trading, man.

Commodities—Light to moderate trading with occasional gusting. Clearing and mild predicted for the weekend.

TODAY'S INDEX

Thieu held a joint press conference to c
firm Nixon's claim that his Vietnamization
the war was "going great guns." Vowing
"give the war back to the people," Gene
Abrams pointed to recent clashes in the mu
contested Caw Dhung province in which th
was "an impressive decline" in American los
and "an optimistic upswing" in allied So
Vietnamese mortalities. In one fire fight, Abra
illustrated, American forces suffered c
casualty while ARVN fatalities totaled
putting ARVN to U.S. losses at "a reassur
13-to-1 ratio." Communist deaths were e
mated at the standard 1,673 dead and 3,5
wounded, including a number of commun
water buffalo. President Thieu nodded acc
to these hopeful signs, pausing only to adj
the chill-thwarting silk scarf protectively bou
around his mouth. After the conference,
porters were invited to inspect a typical AR
training facility, where they were treated
first-hand demonstrations of the South Vi
namese Army's rigorous roll-call exercises,
demanding commando drill with a hefty 7
attrition rate.

* * *

Pope Paul VI sternly rebuked dissid
Dutch priests for their vocal demands that
restriction against clerical celibacy be lift
re-affirming his 1967 encyclical *Religio con
Hancum Pancum,* which firmly supported
12th-century dictum that girls can't ma
passes at men who say masses.

* * *

Sellers of marijuana and other illegal dru
will be subject to stiffer penalties under n
legislation passed by the Senate 76-9. The
will give convicted dope pushers their cho
of sentences, the maximum penalty bei
either solitary confinement for six months liste
ing to an endless tape of Billy Graham's 19
Inaugural prayer, or, if the defendant prefe
death.

* * *

Bacteriological warfare research will co
tinue "on a limited basis," Nixon spokesm
told reporters yesterday. The President's d
avowal of such weapons in November a
February, the statement explained, only
cluded "deadly" toxins. Work on "limited w
fare" bacteriological agents will continue
schedule. The Defense Department confirm
that the U.S. is already stockpiling "practica
harmless" quantitites of beri-beri bombs, f
throwers and newly perfected gout grenad

* * *

Athens announced today that the Gre
military junta, which had banned such "sy
bols of degenerate radicalism" as mini-ski
long hair and the works of Sophocles, s
intended to "eradicate all vestiges of co
munist anarchism," including red carnatio
red pepper, red squirrels, the Red Cross a
the works of Pinky Lee.

* * *

Vice President Agnew denied that the p
posed licensing of newsmen by Federal a
thorities was a form of press censorsh
"What's so bad about having to get a license
he was quoted as saying. "You need them
marriages and dogs and guns and thing
Visibly bristling at the suggestion that politi
figures might also fall under this catego
Agnew replied, "Any jerk can get hold of
camera or a pencil, but very few can
hold of an important office."

* * *

The Brotherhood of Linotypists and Typo
raphers threatened to cripple the entire pu
lishing industry if new wage demands we
not met by noon today. William F. Kir
president of the Dow Jones-owned *Wall Str
Journal,* scoffed at union threats to disru
typesetting on a national scale, stating, "%t
9uh@ uT¢#xft xlly= +&5rgtj etaoin shrc
?°gh°!"

elry, pottery and other items has spurred a ewed interest in crafts, a form of manufac-ng held in high esteem by a generation which news the alienating effect of mass produc-. One of the most successful craft shops is thriving Age of Aquarius Novelties, Ltd., ned by ex-theatrical agent Sol Seidburns and fed by 16 long-haired workers who affection-y refer to the 52-year-old proprietor as ptain Connections." "I guess I just speak r language," Seidburns says as he affection-y tousles the head of an employee and slips a cellophane packet of white powder. "Pow-ed sugar," Seidburns explains. "The kids can't enough of it." Whatever the reason for his pie employees' loyalty (wages average 35¢ hour), Captain Connection is undeniably on same wavelength as his younger, somewhat ow-eyed staff. "Take this here love thing," lburns says as he holds up a hand-stenciled atshirt reading "Pot Is the Cat's Pajamas!", nade a fortune last year at six bucks a throw."

While underground publications have never ved particularly profitable, one remarkable eption is the youthfully staffed *Whole Hog alog*, a regularly published compendium of ducts, books and services designed exclusive-or the hip community. A typical issue, titled *ess to Food,* describes 6,000 edible plant rs that may be found in any natural environ-t. Nutritious roots, berries and barks are d according to palatability, with a special endum cataloging particularly interesting s and mattress stuffings that may serve in a ch. Publisher Henry David Thorax plans to plement the *Catalog* this summer with a erback tentatively called *Fat City on 19¢ ay.*

Other sources of income for the under-25 set the increasingly popular "mixed media total ironment" enterprises which cater to rock itoriums, museums and the more desperately ionable debutante parties. "It's a good scene, fit-margin wise," explains the moustachioed nager of Vulgarama, Inc., Boston's largest ed media outfit. "Some middle-aged dumb-wants to throw a party for his dumbass nds and offers us $3,000 to do a gig. We set a couple of strobes with colored cellophane over the front and tack some bed sheets to walls and cart in about 60 million busted kers. Then we play some old Hendrix back-ds on the Sony that actually works. The s eat it up. For an extra grand, we shine a amp through a Mason jar of food coloring. y go ape! No kidding! If it weren't for bread, I'd puke. I swear, the next fat old ral-schmiberal creep that slaps me on the k and hollers 'right on' in my ear gets a kick ne pills."

The economic philosophy that motivates these is light years away from Adam Smith's," rts Harvard economist John Kenneth Gal-th. "While parents are only concerned with ney to buy food, clothing and shelter, the nger generation is more concerned about life e. You know, better things to eat, expressive ring apparel, comfortable, diverting places ve. Hey, wait a minute. . . ."

opular philosophers such as Thoreau, Ghan-and McKuen are used by youth as models etachment from mere acquisitiveness. *Wal-* is once again a best seller on college cam-es, and a group of fey Bennington students ntly followed Thoreau's dictum to return ustic simplicity by building a cabin in the mont woodlands on the same $28.12 get he itemizes in his famous poem to in-duality. Unfortunately, forgetting to allow nflation, the occupants were unable to afford of, and, at the first snow of winter, promptly e to death.

youthful Bleecker Street resident echoed observation: "I mean the whole society to-is . . . uh, like the whole system is . . . uuhhh. the wars . . the revolution is. . . . Hey, er, got any spare change?"

included Rivaldo's as well, however, when Fred and a neighborhood Airedale were ap-prehended in Acapulco after a $16,000 spend-ing spree, for which Rivaldo is being held legally responsible.

* * *

THE HIGHEST BIDDER for the intact, frozen carcass of a 2-million-year-old, 56-ton *Tyrannosaurus Rex* , discovered in Nome, Alaska, was not , as had been expected, the Smithsonian Institute, but "Bebe" Kropotkin, the so-called "King of Drive-In Franchises." Kropotkin would not comment whether or not the $4 million prehistoric reptile was in any way related to his much-touted "Dino-Burger" chain scheduled to open this June.

* * *

RISING PRODUCTION COSTS were at-tributed as the reason for another major budget cut from the popular CBS *Mission Impossible* spy series. Originally costing $225,000 per hour because of high props and special effects costs, the slimmed-down $30,000 productions will debut with a segment in which the M.I. force is instructed to track down a thumbnail-sized scrap of microfilm hidden somewhere among 60,000 fortune cookies in a Muncie, Ind., Chinese restaurant. Their mission: Find it before a pre-set gong signals final orders on the sweet 'n' sour Special of the Day.

* * *

FOLLOWING CLOSE on the profitable heels of the computer-matched "prize fight" between Cassius Clay and the late Rocky Marciano, West Coast promoter Ziggy Zwie-beck announced the signing of Abbie and Judge Julius Hoffman for a closed-circuit, 24-hour marathon shouting match. The computer will then impartially weigh the pre-taped in-sults and decide the contest on a complex scoring system designed to predict whether, in a one-for-one situation, the Judge's con-tempt charge capacity can exceed the yippie's adeptness at sustained invective.

* * *

INITIAL TESTING of the first ABM site in Roadapple, Wis., proved somewhat of a setback for the $30-billion system's adherents when the missile "turned tail" and was pur-sued by its "drone" target until the defective bird inexplicably self-destructed over the heads of top Pentagon observers and government offi-cials, including Senator John Tower. Brushing a scorched transistor from his lapel, Senator Tower said he was gratified by the "remarkable, evasive maneuver capabilities" of the missile.

* * *

CONSUMER ACCEPTANCE: Due to a shipping mix-up, 60,000 Sheridan Motor Inn rooms were supplied with copies of the *Kama Sutra* instead of the Gideon Bibles ordered by the non-profit Gideon Society. Al-most immediately, the Inns felt the reper-cussions as hundreds of middle-aged guests were found immobile in their rooms, paralyzed into frequently embarrassing positions by sprained backs, torn ligaments and dislocated joints. Sheridan representatives estimate the resulting lawsuits will cost the company over $1 million, not including the cost of the 60,000 copies of the guilty manual, all of which were stolen within 24 hours.

* * *

SOVIET ADVANCES in anti-ABM tech-nology was the reason for Senator John Tower's successful request for $200 million in additional funds for the development of "Phase II" of the missile-defense system. Phase II calls for a "protective ring" of missiles around each planned ABM site, which in turn are to surround strategically important ICBM sites and densely populated areas. Tower would not comment on rumors that he would propose "Phase III, IV and V" to Congress early in 1971.

Yet, whether riding home on the Penn Central anesthetized by enough daiquiries to bring a rhino to its knees, or sitting at home puzzling over a copy of *Réalités*, Steve cannot suppress a gnaw-ing doubt about the whole purpose to life. "Ac-tually, it's probably my chief concern, nowa-days," he admits, "but I haven't been able to discuss it with anyone, not even my wife."

But his wife, the former Miss Juliet Simpson, whose simple strapless formal with its tiny em-broidered rose border at the neck and hem was once the hit of the 1952 Syndrome Debutante Evening of Elegance, secretly harbors the same dark worry. "Sometimes I get so fed up with these Syndrome phonies, I could spit," she says, "but what's the alternative? Even the Vineyard has been ruined!" Although always a charming hostess, Juliet's lilting laughter now occasionally takes on a brittle, metallic edge. Steve has noticed that catering bills are left unpaid for weeks, and she has begun to receive mail from the Rosicrucians. Something is wrong in the Stayprest household.

The three children, outwardly healthy and happy, show signs of the rebellious tendencies seen in other typical Syndrome, Conn., families. Phaedre, 8, her cringing teacher at Miss Chro-mium's Country Day reports, has begun to mold her Play-Doh into crude replicas of mommy and daddy and impale them on sharpened Pick Up Stix. The older daughter, Bentley, 11, has been caught wiring flashlight batteries to her plat-inum orthodontic braces for the sheer oblivion-producing electrical shocks, and Steven Jr., 7, is in his second year of analysis.

What Went Wrong?

What went wrong? Steven Stayprest cannot understand his children's indifference. He has always thought himself, while not a "liberal," certainly a "conservative with a heart." "We were the first people at the club to see through Joe McCarthy," Stayprest says, "but the kids don't even seem to care." In the late 50's the Stayprests were the first family to tack bullfight posters on their rumpus room walls and, Stay-prest emphasizes, "*the first to take them down.* What is wrong? Where are we going?"

Stayprest is not alone in his cosmic longing. All over the country, supposedly "successful" suburban executives are feeling that same philo-sophical *angst.* Wall Street brokers can be ob-served letting their hair carelessly creep over the collars of their Wren shirts; corporate vice presidents sit up in their replica Chippendale fourposters, red-eyed and nervous over copies of Norman O. Brown and Ronald Laing; bond salesmen can be spied in Greenwich Village book stores furtively moving their lips over copies of *I Ching*, looking for some sort of . . . answer.

For years, these men have worked hard trying to provide secure homes for their families and earn the envy of their communities. Many pride themselves on their accomplishments, and rightly so. Often ulcerated, chain-smoking and 15 pounds overweight, they nevertheless under-stood that this was the toll exacted by a hard-driving, fast paced, business community. "Sure, I've always been an on-the-go kind of guy," Stayprest concedes, "but that's how it is in this on-the-go kind of world." Now, however, Steve lies awake at night, stares at his replica Georgian ceiling for hours trying to remember his Social Security number, the author of *Lost Horizon* and how many "n's" and "s's" there are in "mayonnaise."

There are many other strangely dissat-isfied executives today, but that is little com-fort to Steve Stayprest. He has everything he has ever dreamed of – money, position, a Ford Torino (with all the extras), but some-thing is lacking. "What is the meaning of it all?" he asks. Of course, the answer is simply

Please Turn to Page 25, Column 1



LAMBERT STUDIOS–FINE ART PRINTS
ORDER DIRECT FROM THE PUBLISHER & SAVE!
OIL PAINT • ARTIST CANVAS • HAND SILK SCREEN • LITHOGRAPHS • POSTERS
$1.00 and up
WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS
INVEST YOUR SON
206. FRIEZE FROM A CHINESE TOMB. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Red and Beige. 14" x 50" Only 5.95
268. PICASSO. BULLFIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and White. 14" x 32". Only 3.95
520. WANDA EMBRY. Full color on fine art stock. The 46th annual New York Art Director's Club Show's Painted Lady. Life like. Life size. 12" x 63". Only 4.95
201. CRETAN BULL DANCERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 17" x 46". Only 6.95 103. On paper. Only 3.95
536. WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS—INVEST YOUR SON. Red, White and Blue. 22" x 26". Only 4.95
261. PICASSO. DON QUIXOTE. Silkscreen on canvas. Black and White. 18" x 24". Only 2.98
548. NEGATIVE ZODIAC. 12 signs illustrated & most prominent negative trait of each. Silkscreen on paper. 30" x 30". Only 4.95
315. RYER. THE WRESTLERS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only 5.95 539. On paper. Only 2.98
290. PICASSO. TOROS Y TOREROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only 3.95
310. MODIGLIANI PORTRAIT OF A GIRL. Silkscreen on canvas. 16" x 27". Only 5.95 535. On paper 2.98
301. PICASSO. MOMENT OF TRUTH. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only 3.95
260. MODIGLIANI. RECLINING NUDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 25". Only 5.95
311. PICASSO. TOROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24" Only 3.98
252. PICASSO. THREE MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 24". Only 5.95
196. WYETH. CHRISTINA'S WORLD. Collotype on fine art stock. Full color. 28" x 40". Only 7.50
344. HUG. TIGER. Lithograph artist canvas. Red background. 22" x 28". Only 5.95 576. On Paper. 2.98
309. VAN GOGH. SIDEWALK CAFE AT NIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 19" x 24". Only 9.95
231. PR. MEDIEVAL BRASS RUBBINGS: KNIGHT AND LADY. Silkscreen. Canvas. Black and gold. 12" x 36". Only 6.95 pr. 165. On paper. Only 3.95 pr.
342. BRAQUE. SEATED NUDE. Silkscreen on canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only 9.95 574. On Paper. 6.95
234. EL GRECO. VIEW OF TOLEDO. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 22". Only 9.95
204. MODIGLIANI. SKETCH OF A GIRL. Silkscreen on canvas. Black and reds. 17" x 27". Only 5.95 110. On paper. 2.98
247. PICASSO. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 20". Only 5.95 186. On paper 2.98
245. PICASSO. MATERNITY. Silkscreen canvas. Full color. 15" x 20". Only 7.95
TOULOUSE-LAUTREC POSTERS 531. Set of four collotype posters. Each 20" x 28". Aristide Bruant, Moulin Rouge, Jane Avril and Divan Japonais. Special all four 3.95
549. HAUSMAN. WOMAN. Silkscreen poster. Fine art stock. Full color. 20" x 38". Only 4.95
271. VAN GOGH. STARRY NIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only 9.95
Today is the first day of the rest of your Life.
MORATORIUM
325. CHABAS. SEPTEMBER MORN. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only 5.95
552. TODAY. Poster on paper. Black & gold. 23" x 35". Only 1.98
209. PICASSO. STUDIES FOR MOTHER AND CHILD. On artist canvas. Sepia tones. 16" x 20". Only 4.95
265. MONET. RED POPPIES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 19" x 24". Only 7.95
264. MONET. SUNFLOWERS. On artist canvas.* Full color. 19" x 24". Only 6.95
314. OROZCO. ZAPATISTAS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 22". Only 9.95
343. HUG. CHEETAH. Lithograph artist canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only 5.95 575. On Paper. 2.98
582. MORATORIUM. Silkscreen poster on art stock. Blue & White. 24" x 27". Only 2.98
345. HUG. THE PUMA. Lithograph on artist canvas. Green background. 22" x 28". Only 5.95 577. On Paper. 2.98
319. DeKAY. TIGER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only 5.95
war is not healthy for children and other living things
EVERYONE'S GONE TO THE MOON
305. HAUSMAN. THE PARTING. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 20". Only 5.95 529. On paper. Only 2.98
270. MONET. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 22". Only 6.95
316. MUNCH. THE KISS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Grays and blacks. 16" x 20". Only 4.95
282. HUG. THE CAT. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only 5.95 508. On paper 2.98
560. WAR IS NOT HEALTHY. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only 1.98
583. POW. On fine art stock. Silkscreen in full color. 22" x 28". Only 2.49
283. HUG. THE TIGER. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only 5.95 509. On paper 2.98
308. PICASSO. FEMME. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 16" x 20". Only 2.98
277. ROUSSEAU. VIRGIN FOREST AT SUNSET. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only 7.95
564. EVERYONE'S GONE TO THE MOON. Poster on paper. Black and white. 20" x 30". Only 1.98
love
YOU HAVE NOT CONVERTED A MAN BECAUSE YOU HAVE SILENCED HIM
when the bomb goes off.
871. GILLETTE. LOVE. Poster in grays and white on fine art stock. 17" x 21". Only 1.98
541. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Silkscreen on paper. Dayglo colors on black. 23" x 29". Only 1.98
528. BEN SHAHN. Poster. Black & brown on white paper. 30" x 45". Only 3.95
300. PICASSO. CORRIDA DE TOROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 24". Only 5.95
313. PICASSO. LA RONDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only 5.95
586. BULLSEYE. Silkscreen on art stock. 12" x 30". Only 1.98
584. COLUMBIA PICTURES' EASY RIDER. Silkscreen on fine art stock. Emerald green, blue, orange, magenta. 32" x 42". Only 3.98
565. WHEN THE BOMB GOES OFF. Poster on paper. Black & white. 22" x 25". Only 1.98
281. PICASSO. TOREROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only 2.98
317. PEREIRA. LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues. 20" x 25". Only 9.95
THE SILENT MAJORITY
276. PICASSO. THE OLD GUITARIST. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues and greens. 18" x 26". Only 5.95
305. RYER. LOVERS. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, gold, tans. 18" x 29". Only 5.95. 530. Paper. 2.98
312. PICASSO. LES PETIT FLEURS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only 5.95
262. HAUSMAN. A MAN AND A WOMAN. Silkscreen canvas. Color. 16" x 23". Only 5.95 523. On paper. 2.98
254. MONET. WATER LILIES. Silkscreen on canvas. Full color. 22" x 22". Only 6.95 526. On paper 3.95
318. RYER. RAPE OF THE SABINES. Silkscreen on canvas. Full color. 14" x 33". Only 5.95 538. On paper. 2.98
295. RYER. SEATED NUDE. Lithograph on canvas. Full color. 18" x 29". Only 5.95 518. Paper. 2.98
587. THE SILENT MAJORITY. Arlington Cemetary. Lithograph on art stock. Full color. 22" x 30". Only 2.98
350. RYER. ETERNAL STRUGGLE. Silkscreen canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only 5.95 588. On Paper. Only 2.98
347. HUG. KANGAROOS. Lithograph canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only 5.95 579. On Paper. 2.98
534. ART EXHIBITION POSTERS. Set of four. Heavy art stock. Full color. KLEE, MIRO, DUFY, CHAGALL. 20" x 30" ea. All four only 3.95
LOVE
198. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR—AND NOBODY CAME. Black and red dayglo. Paper. 25" x 38". Only 4.95
266. REMBRANDT. MAN IN THE GOLDEN HELMET. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 27". Only 5.95
550. LOVE. Silkscreen poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only 1.98
544. BUTTERFLY. Vivid dayglo colors: cerise, orange, blue, chartreuse, green on matte black background. 29" x 23". Only 1.98
230. PICASSO. GUERNICA. Lithograph on artist canvas in grays and black. Impressive and poignant war protest. 16" x 35". Only 6.95. 164. Above on paper. Only 3.95
777. OM MANDALA. Silkscreen poster on paper. Greens & gold. 24" x 24". Only 1.98
569. EASY RIDER. Silkscreen poster on paper. Dayglo red, white & blue. 22" x 28". Only 2.98
MAIL COUPON TODAY
LAMBERT STUDIOS: Dept. HL-3 15 WEST 24 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010
Gentlemen: Please rush the prints whose numbers are circled at right. If my order totals $10 or more you will also include my FREE print of PICASSO. PROFILE.
FREE
if your order totals $10 or more
PICASSO. PROFILE. Silkscreen drawing. Black on white fine art stock. 18" x 24".
The prints I have circled opposite amount to $
Plus Sales Tax (when applicable)
Plus Handling Charge 75¢
I enclose $
PRINTS ON CANVAS 201 204 206 209 230 231 234
245 247 252 254 260 261 262 264 265 266 268
270 271 276 277 282 283 290 295 300 301 305
306 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317
318 319 325 342 343 344 345 347 350
PRINTS ON PAPER 103 110 164 165 186 196 198
508 509 518 520 523 528 529 530 531 534 535
536 538 539 541 544 548 549 550 552 560 564
565 569 574 575 576 577 579 582 583 584 585
586 587 588 777 871
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY. THIS IS YOUR SHIPPING LABEL.
Name
Address
City State Zip
When in New York visit our Studios. Please add $1.00 per print for delivery outside U.S.
We do not offer a catalog because our selections are constantly changing. If you are not satisfied with your order, return it within 10 days with evidence of purchase for full credit or cash refund.
FAMOUS LAMBERT GUARANTEE



THE HANGING OF NORMAN JONES

by PATRICK COFFEY

Norman said nothing and the wilderness of his mind grew into whirlpools of what they wanted. And small apes, guns in their eyes, peered through the poo-poos as all around them the world lost its grip and rode into the future on African prunes...

Walking with his hands in his hip pockets or looking for Steve McQueen in the bedroom mirror was not the way Norman Jones did things. Nor was it the way he understood things to begin with. He was never heard to say: "the clouds are puffs of cotton," or words like "alabaster," "inguinal" or "breast."

When he was shot in the groin by a Viet Cong at Hue he simply spread his arms, murmured "Mother," and sank behind a pagoda wall bleeding little groinal rivers that matted his trouser leg and clogged his every thought.

In a field hospital smelling of alcohol and ringing with the jingle of bedpans, he lay silent and unhappy.

"I'm afraid you've lost your testicles," a doctor told him. "I'm afraid you stopped a bad one."

"Is it serious?" Norman said.

Later, in San Francisco, he was told by a psychiatrist that he might have bitter dreams. Fondling a pen across from Norman's tight little face he added: "You may lose all sensitivity and become bellicose, morose, even suicidal."

Norman Jones nodded and was honorably discharged.

They made him a party when he got back to Connecticut, and his mother, seeing no point in letting the folks know the truth, simply said, "Norman gave what he had for his country and returned broken of body but powerful in the ideals of a smiling mind."

Mrs. Jones was massive and blew out her powerful bust as she spoke. A great head of gray hair that was black at the roots shook beautifully and held the attention of all; she was like a large ship. "Norman is home now and we can all go back to being the Joneses. Have some more ice cream, Moira. Bishop, would you like some more tea? Norman, get the bishop some tea."

Norman tossed for many a night the first few weeks he was home. He kept feeling his loss gingerly and kept wondering at his mother's continued concern.

It started in a New York hospital.

"What do you mean, you can't transplant testicles?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Jones," the doctor said. "It's a highly dangerous operation and we could never get a donor."

"You mean to say you can't find a man with testicles?"

"Mrs. Jones. The tissue, the blood. I'm sure you understand, it would require that the donor be dead. That is, the brain should be dead. The problem of acceptance is a real thing. Removal, and the feelings of the family involved – the wife, father, mother. It's a personal item. They don't grow on trees."

"Doctor."

"I'm sorry. A heart would be easier."

His nurse looked up. "You mean you could put a heart down there?"

"Monica."

"Plastic," Mrs. Jones said.

"Impossible."

"Sweden. Perhaps a que . . . I mean, there are men who make the change. I've read."

The doctor smoked a cigar and wore a pin-striped suit and looked uncomfortable. "That part is usually tucked in and used to, er, well . . ."

"To what? I'm a woman, a mother."

"To provide . . . an area for sexual titillation."

"That's ridiculous!" She sat and looked wicked and wrote things on her clipboard. Pulling her skirt down over her knees she suggested, "Monkeys."

"Anthropoids? Are you serious?"

"I am quite serious."

"Anthropoidal transplantations . . . umm," The doctor started thinking.

"I have a lot of money," she said.

"It's . . . it's impossible. Umm."

"We *did* evolve, surely?"

"It would take a very specialized type of research – everything. Zoological data and anthropological cooperation. The whiners wouldn't like it." He snapped a pencil and his palms sweated. "It could only . . ."

"Then you'll do it?"

"Ummm."

"I have a friend in Cape Town. I could talk to perhaps more willing . . ."

"No. Please, Mrs. Jones." Sitting down next to her, he puffed energetically. "I have to think."

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS HERMANSON

* * *

Norman was admitted and probed. He lay, silent as ever, thinking about his boyhood along the Sound shore, the nights fishing up the Housatonic, the days writing to his pen pal, Erma, in London, and slept very little.

"It's all a dream, Erma," he wrote when he decided to write again. "My privates are gone. What do I do?"

"You had such a wonderful army," she wrote back. "Even the great must bend its knee."

"Real poetry," his mother said. "I think you both missed the point."

"When will they do it, Mom?"

"Be patient, baby." She patted his head and swished around the room re-setting plants and scheming.

I'll make sure he gets the best, she thought. *No problems. There must be no problems. I'll read up on monkeys.* She stood there picturing little apes leaping from tree to tree, their orange asses jouncing merrily, their teeth clicking in delight. She pictured giant packs of baboons loping across the plains, fending off predators, picking lice from their babies with long hairy fingers. She pictured the doctor racing with a little plastic bag along the tunnel to the operating room and her blue silk scarf shook with anticipation.

In his knotty pine office surrounded by X-rays and the heavy bosom of his nurse, the Doctor sat sucking on a fountain pen and wondering aloud.

"It's pretty risky. . . . If the A.M.A. got wind of it, they'd screw me to the wall . . . but the money, oh, God, the money. She might go to Denton Cooley — that sonofabitch."

"Doctor, you have ink on your lips."

"Shove off."

"Will I be scrubbing with you?" she asked meekly.

"Monica." He took her hand and ran his cheek along her starched blouse. "It would be impossible without you."

"Harold," she said, "you will become a myth in your own time."

"I might even become a legend," he said.

There was a long period of waiting. Computations of animal tissue and special lab tests. Very few people knew of the coming show: "the big step forward" as the doctor called it; "the long road back" as the anesthetist called it (his offspring will have tails and masturbate in public); "the million-dollar ballgame" as Monica called it.

"Oh, Harold," she said one night as they lay smoking in bed. "Harold. Is it possible you could be wrong?"

"Janice will grant the divorce."

"I mean about the operation."

"Baby." He slid his legs off the side of the bed and inhaled deep. "In medicine, there is always a risk. There is always a point at which you ask yourself, can I save this man? There are endless hours of disquiet, of suffering as if *I* were the patient. We war with our inner drives . . . our great, choking drives. We examine every aspect. Weigh doubt against God-given skill. Intellectual reason against the fierce desire to save every human being. The Oath . . . It touches the nerve ends of our weaknesses, hangs there dangling. We grasp, hold, feel lovingly and fight. Fight!" He stood tall and eyed the mirror, looking like Hannibal at the gates of Rome. "We," turning dramatically "go on."

He fell back on the bed and she touched him, murmuring, "Harold. Oh, Harold."

* * *

"Did you arrive at a figure yet, Doctor?" Mrs. Jones asked the following morning. "You said you'd sleep on it and weigh all factors."

Monica, filling the urn in the corner said, "We seem to be out of sugar. I'll get a cup from O.B."

"It's a difficult thing, Mrs. Jones," the doctor said. "You see this pen? It depends on ink. Ink, a dye, a blue dye. It sustains . . ."

"Doctor, you're a bullshitter," she said.

"Mrs. Jones!" He appeared shocked and grew red. "This is a very serious subject. The object of man is the fulfillment of all of us."

"Doctor," she said, "You are full of crap."

"I?"

"Yes, you." she said. "There is little time left."

"I don't know what you mean."

"My son is sliding into morbid thought. This morning he told me he named his bedpan Jim."

"I'm sorry."

"I myself am depending upon basics to communicate with him. I also have a coming-out party coming up."

"Do you have Blue Cross?"

"Sir," she stood up. "I'm a Connecticut Republican. . . . Did *they* have Blue Cross at Lexington, at Concord Bridge?"

"I see," he said. "They'd probably squawk, anyway."

"You seem to me to be reluctant to discuss your fee. Are you sure you can handle this?"

"Mrs. Jones . . ."

"From the very outset you've been evasive, and only give me nonsense for answers. Are you happy at home?"

His eyes took on a glaze. "Janice. She doesn't understand me. She says I should spend more time with her and the children." He appeared to sob slightly. "I'll fight through, though. I am a dedicated man. I cannot give back what God has laid before me. I must walk straight with the men of destiny. I must renounce the things of average value."

"Bravo," she said dubiously.

"Thank you — very much."

"Your fee?"

"Half a million."

* * *

Norman Jones chewed on a Hershey bar and held the steel dish as an intern examined his groin.

"They closed you up beautifully," the intern said.

"I was unconscious," Norman said.

The intern gave a devilish laugh. "I bet you can run like hell."

"I tried track in school."

"Yes, but you weren't gelded then. You must be strong like a mule."

"Would you like a Hershey bar?"

"No, just the dish. Thank you."

"Erma thinks I'm a hero. Do you think I'm a hero?"

"I think you're a schmuck."

"You might think I'm not all there," Norman said. "A lot of people think that. You seem to think it's a joke. I bet the staff laugh at me. People always did. They think I'm not all there. They think I don't talk much because I don't know how. They think I'm simple."

"Does this hurt?" He snaked a catheter up Norman's lonesome penis and watched a light in a little box.

"It feels hot."

"I don't think you're simple." The intern smiled and continued. "It's just that you don't say anything. Like you don't give a damn about this thing. It's like you don't understand."

Norman lay back and thought about it. "I listen a lot," he said finally. "It's not easy."

"Hey!" The intern leaned forward. "I think I can fix something up." Looking around him, he withdrew the catheter furtively and wound up the bed. "If you want — well, to begin with, I think you're okay. . . . What I mean is, I think we should show these bastards what you're made of.

"They have this baboon in the basement. God knows where they got him. Pet shop, probably; a big beast with a terrific three-piece set. I heard them saying he was the donor. Now. Your mother doesn't care for him. Thinks he's a degenerate. Runs around the cage holding his tail between his legs. I think he knows what they're up to."

"What's his name?" Norman asked, looking interested.

"They call him Bonk. Big son of a . . ."

"Bonk," Norman said. "Bonk."

"They'll probably talk her into accepting him. He's got the right type tissue and everything, so I think it'll work."

"What'll work?"

"The idea, man. Listen. Demand to see the donor, right? It's your privilege. If they give you a tough time, tell 'em

you'll call the Veteran's Administration. Lay it on thick. Tell 'em plain. . . . . You want to see your cubes."

"Cubes," Norman said. "I want to see my cubes."

"Atta boy. Way to go. Be a man. Tell 'em about Hue and the temples and the blood and the bullets and the pain and . . ."

"Cubes," Norman said.

* * *

"Bonk. Bonk. Here, boy. Oh, please, Bonk. See the banana, Bonk. See the yellow banana. Bonk, come boy. Bonk! You big ugly bastard if you don't get over here so help me I'll cut your lousy . . ."

"Harold!"

"Monica. Excuse me. I didn't hear you come in."

"What are you doing, Harold?"

"The kid wants to see the monkey. Can you *imagine* that? He wants to see what he's getting."

"Is it wise, Harold?"

"His old lady went for the half million. What do you think?"

Bonk sat in the corner of his cage looking sullen. He felt menaced. Curled up in the corner of the cage, he chewed his fingernails. When the doctor threw in half a banana, he bared his yellow fangs and screamed as though his colon were suddenly struck by fire.

"My God, he seems agitated," Monica said. "Can't you sedate him?"

"I may have to. I was hoping to get him in a frolicsome mood. I even brought bananas."

"May I have one?" she said.

"Monica," he said. "Look, we've got to get this beast to cooperate. Get him happy. Make him feel loved, wanted."

"Would *you* feel happy, Harold? I mean, under the circumstances."

"He doesn't know what's going on. He's a dumb animal."

"Harold. I overheard the nurses talking. They know everything. They come down here and feel him. They take pictures. They seem to think he understands."

"That's nonsense. Bloody ape. Here jerk."

* * *

"Gorilla?"

"Yes, Doctor. May I see a . . . uh . . . a mountain gorilla?"

"Mr. Jones. Really. Why don't you like Bonk? I assure you he's *you*, er, well, he's exactly what we need. A perfect specimen."

"I thought perhaps a larger beast."

"He's just right, Mr. Jones. Couldn't be better. As a matter of fact," he looked at Bonk's shaggy mane, "he's the largest of his breed. A rare baboon."

"I still think a gorilla," Norman said.

"Why is the baboon sleeping, Doctor?" Mrs. Jones walked in with her usual heavy foot.

"Oh, hello there. Why he's – Well, you see, baboons like an awful lot of sleep. It's one of their more unnoted traits."

"I see," she said. "He looks drugged."

"The gorilla," Norman said. "The cubes."

"I think he just moved," Monica said.

"Well," the Doctor said, taking Norman by the shoulder. "You see, my boy, this is no ordinary baboon . . ."

"Baloney," came the intern's voice from behind the door.

"This is no ordinary baloney, er, I. . . . This is a really fine baboon. Good family. Pedigreed."

"You're full of it, Doctor," Mrs. Jones said. "I'll accept the animal. I still think he's depraved, but he's all you have. Come Norman, a gorilla would be completely impractical. They grow too big and," she ran a hand across her brow, "the connotations."

"Exactly,"the doctor said.

"A gorilla has very large connotations," Monica said.

"Cubes," Norman said looking around for the intern. "I won't make trouble. I won't talk about the bullets and the blood and the temples of Hue, I won't . . ."

"Baby," Mrs. Jones said taking him by the arm away from the baboon's cage. "Baby. All will be well soon. Mother promises you."

"Come, Norman, lad." The doctor put on his benevolent best and tried to embrace all of them. "Come, lets have a Coke. Let's all have a Coke and drink to the first great advance in genital replacement. Monica, do you have any dimes?"

* * *

A soft wind blew off Third Avenue the night they worked on Norman. Mrs. Jones walked the streets deep in thought. Her great gray head was beset by darting swirls. She thought of the girls at Radcliffe busily gobbling up their fill of fruit pie and China wine, the old house in Connecticut overhung with brown vines, bats crying along the sump road, an old oak limp in the screaming wind, a small boat bobbing alone off Plum Gut. She thought how bleak the city looked and how the streets smelled of provolone. She saw a Sunday *Times* dying in the gutter and, hearing the guns of Hue booming in the back of her mind, she wandered on.

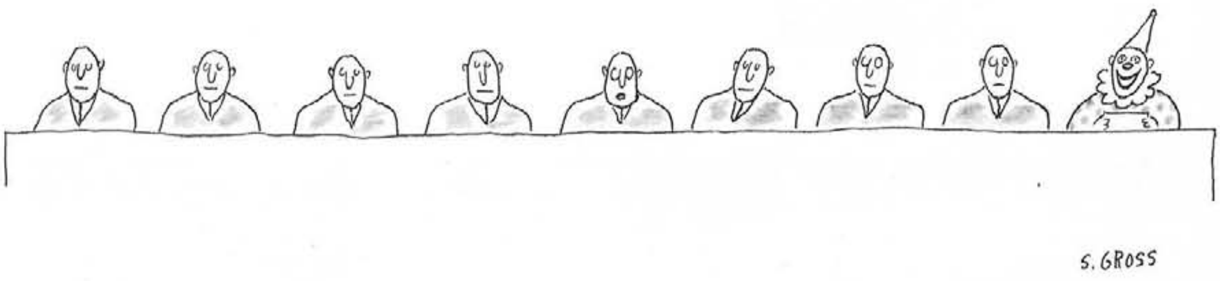
* * *

The doctor moved from table to table, snipping, cutting, sewing. He stalked like a giant bird, visions of a silver yacht in a faraway harbor bouncing in his head as he held aloft the gems. They all sighed. On he went, sewing, dabbing, breathing hard. Eyes strained, teeth were clenched, muscles went limp and grew strong as steel all at the same time. Bells rang, cocks crowed, all the great clichés happened at once. The world was right. For the first time in history, man took a picture of God and wondered at the vanishing sound of breath as the doctor said, "Ole!"

* * *

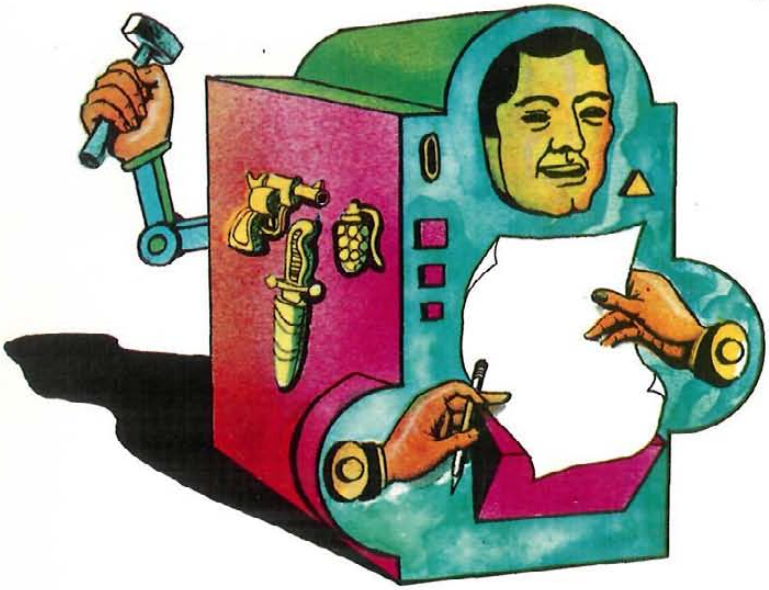
High in the dusty swirls of Africa, Norman dreamed. His thin mind swam – a startled crab in the hot wet hills. The pack was alone, sitting knuckles down in the dark grass, eyes on the hunt for Johnny Weissmuller. A wildebeest ran from a thicket and a rhinoceros in total despair turned into a swamp. It was well in his mind. Soft, green, basic. Baby apes clung to him, hid in the shadow of his great arms, chewed roots in the safety of his eye. And as the rest of the world went *snip*, he rose on his knuckles to the western sky, singing to his brothers everywhere:

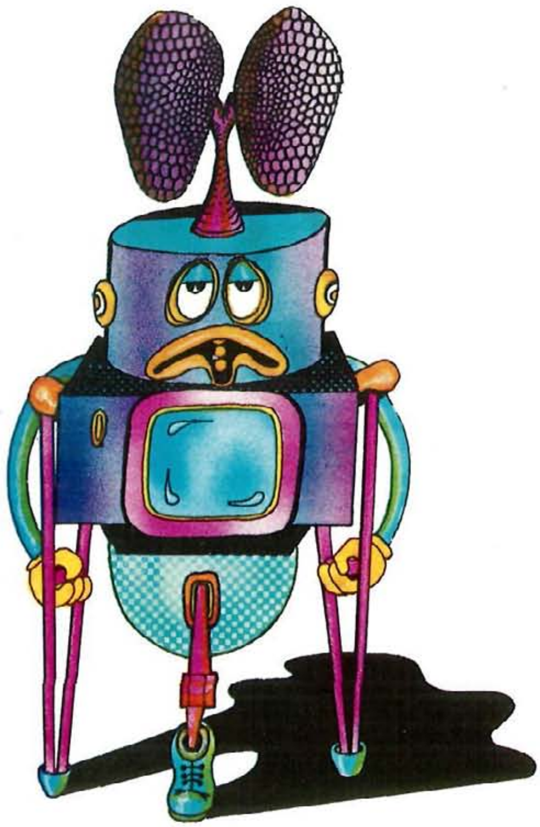
"Keechee, keechee, keechee." □



". . . And now we will hear the dissenting opinion."

SPACE-AGE





The Apex Electro-Shark (above) **will lend up to $3,000 on the debtor's signature alone. Automatically preparing an iron-clad I.O.U., the machine is programmed to record the monthly repayments *(in quarters). Should a debtor* attempt to default payment or insert slugs, the Electro-Shark will be forced to use one of its special hard-sell attachments.**



The Mark IV Mechanical Mendicant **can be remotely controlled by any licensed beggar. Equipped with a tubercular cough, adjustable limp and a metal-sensing homing device that locks into large concentrations of spare change, the machine tags after doomed suckers croaking, "Spare a dime for an old salt?" until deactivated by a coin. The videotaped story of the supplicant's luckless life flashes on the screen continuously for dramatic effect. Upon receipt of the donation, the machine hacks up a yellow marble, on which is imprinted "God Bless You."**

The Sextronic "Love Machine" (left) **will be strategically located near USO's and all-male colleges. Particularly effective in urban areas where local redevelopment has eradicated red light districts, the device will rotate its twin tassels at 1100 r.p.m. and, for an additional 50¢, tell you the pre-recorded story of its life.**

VENDING MACHINES

Once upon a time, vending machines were the comic books of the business world. Shunned by "reputable" merchandise, they were the lowly dispensers of uneatable candies, fizzless grape soda, glow-'n-the-dark rabbits' feet and stale, lint-filled Havanas. But, with the advent of automation, the nickel-guzzlers have come into their own. They will shine your shoes, change your dollar bills, sell you insurance or treat you to a video sextravaganza featuring Nancy Sinatra and a platoon of rather butchy looking chorus boys.

No longer a tin pervert hiding in the shadows of a men's room to hawk its nasty rubber novelties, the vending machine grows every year in ability to handle the most sophisticated transactions. The following are a few of the electronic peddlers who will be soon putting their casters in your door:





The Honk-O-Matic Accusatron (above) provides a quick, refreshing "put me down" for chronically masochistic White Liberals. The Accusatron will harangue the patron from a wide variety of imputations, indictments, denunciations, imprecations, incriminations, bald-faced insults and selected reproaches. One for a dime, three for a quarter.

The No-Narx Mobile Pharmatron (left) does away with unreliable, often carelessly "uncool" dealers and pushers. Convincingly disguised as a harmless old balloon vendor, the Pharmatron cruises playgrounds and public parks according to a pre-programmed itinerary. Capable of dispensing any quantity of "up" or "down" (including the very-difficult-to-package hashish), the Pharmatron is also equipped with a specially designed olfactory sensor that can instantly detect any telltale whiff of Old Spice, the traditional cologne of Federal narcotics agents. □

The March of Slugs

by Henry Beard

Oh, Lay Me Down Under the Outstretched Palm

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF NEURISTIC EUPHEMIA
National Headquarters
1000 Constitution Ave., Washington, D.C.

MRS. GRANT COULEE
MR. AND MRS. PAUL T. le VINTHAL
HIS EXCELLENCY, AMBASSADOR FRANCESCO SALIVA
MISS BABS TUCKAHOE
REV. C. JOEY JARVIS
SENATOR AND MRS. HARVEY LATHE
CONGRESSMAN ROGER P. BEANS
HRH PRINCESS ANNA RITZOTELLI
PROFESSOR AND MRS. FRITZ DROGUE
HIS MAJESTY, THE MAHARAJAH OF CHUTNEY
ADMIRAL AND MRS. CLYDE FLEMWORTH
MISS VELVET SWOON
MR. JOHN GADSDEN PURCHASE

Dear Friend,
Each year, we at the Association for the Prevention of Neuristic Euphemia and related disorders send out more than 20 million letters, make five million telephone calls and visit over a million homes in our continuing effort to inform you, the concerned citizen, of the grave threat posed by NE. Striking without warning, this little-known malady annually takes a heavy toll of household pets, the aged and the recently dead. Its victims can linger for years, in many cases tragically unaware of their condition, until "old age" or so-called "natural causes" claim them.

A cure for this dread disorder is many years and many millions of dollars away, but there is hope. In the course of recent research with goose livers and sturgeon eggs, Association scientists have succeeded in isolating several suspect viruses, fungi, mashies and niblicks, and for countless sufferers, the Electrostatic Corpuscle Emulsifier continues to provide periodic relief. But research means money, and a four-hour session on the Emulsifier costs as much as a first-class ticket to Hong Kong or some other place you may have visited.

You may well ask, why should I contribute to the Neuristic Euphemia Association instead of some other worthy charity? Well, first of all, NE is no depressing holdover from the Middle Ages like TB or smallpox. It is a modern disorder, with ill-understood and baffling symptoms. Further, unlike dead-end diseases such as cancer and emphysema, where there is no more chance for a preventive vaccine than there is one for broken legs, NE is ripe for a flashy cure. And you won't be pouring your money down a hole as you would with heart research. Ask anyone. When your ticker goes, you've had it; this is not the case with NE. As its small but noisy band of sufferers attest, NE is not immediately fatal; even in severe cases, its victims lead useful lives as lamp bases or decorative planters.

The Association is proud of its long record of responsible fund raising. Unlike some other charities, we use no gimmicky penny parades, no messy stamps and no pasty-faced poster children. Our annual ball at the fashionable Hotel Babylonia-Chainsaw is a tribute to taste and planning. Two tickets to this year's extravaganza, with the theme of "April in the Lower Intestine," are included free to anyone who contributes over $100. Contributors of $50 or more will receive our colorful and informative brochures, "Detecting the Undiseased Female Breast" and "Fifty Freaks Ripley Called Too Hot to Handle."

Won't you give right away? Remember, the NE sufferer of today can be the building block for a better tomorrow. It's up to you!

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF NEURISTIC EUPHEMIA
National Headquarters
240 Lake Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.

MR. AND MRS. CLAYTON BULWER
MRS. STEPHANOS ASBESTOS
DON ALFREDO KIELBASA
M. CITROEN de CHEVAUX
MRS. WILMOT PROVISO
MISS MARY CELESTE
MR. AND MRS. JOHN HAY BITUMEN
MR. H. DANIEL SMELT
DR. AND MRS. SAMUEL HUNGE
THE RT. HON. AND MRS. JAMES BENEVOLENT-TUMOR
MR. G. CONSUELO SCHWARTZ



Dear Friend,
It's getting pretty hard these days to find the time to handle even simple daily affairs like reading the paper or answering mail, and some of us are occasionally just a bit careless in our haste to put a letter in the "circular file." We at the Association for the Prevention of Neuristic Euphemia understand this little problem, and we realize that it is one of the prices we all pay for our advanced civilization. Let's face it, all of us at one time or other in our busy, can't-spare-a-minute lives have stepped on some unfortunate in the gutter, maybe mistaking him for a sidewalk, or directed a blind beggar into oncoming traffic just because we were in a hurry. Well, now's the time to set aside a minute or two and put things right.

Make no mistake about it. People suffering from Neuristic Euphemia are not degenerates, derelicts or dead-enders. Most of them were responsible and respected members of society until this puzzling malady struck, dooming them to the twilight world of clothes dummies and other heavy objects. And many famous historical figures may well have suffered from NE, including Jan Hus, Clemenceau, Paganini and Samuel Gompers.

Why not take some time out today to remember these sufferers, the victims of a disease they've never heard of and which may not even exist. Naturally, if you're a person of modest means trying to make do in the middle income group, we don't expect more than a token sum — but give whatever you can. And the next time you look in the mirror, think how *you* would feel if the face you saw was hidden by the telltale ice-cream bag of the chronic NE sufferer.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF
NEURISTIC EUPHEMIA
National Headquarters
48 Spring St., New York, N. Y.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SCHWARTZ
DR. AND MRS. ST. JOHN SLIVOVITZ
M. GERVAIS de PAUME
MRS. RUDOLPH BANNISTER HACKLE
MR. FRANZ KAFKA
THE HON. ROY CRATER
MISS BUBBLES BERNSTEIN
MR. ALONZO GASPATCHO
MR. AND MRS. VINCENT ASPIC

Friend,
St. Paul once wrote that people without charity are like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. We're sure you aren't either of those things, but when we don't hear from you after two letters, frankly, what else can we think?

The enclosed solid pig-iron decorator bowl was hand-cast by Neuristic Euphemiacs as their contribution to our annual fund drive. Whether it graces your dining room table as an unusual centerpiece or finds its way elsewhere in your house as an ashtray or dog dish, it will proclaim your good taste and your generosity. We know you won't want to take false credit for participating in the Association's campaigns, so put in an envelope whatever you think the labor of these harmless zombies is worth. We usually take quite a beating on these remarkable items (what with rising mail costs) and next year we'll probably have to switch to thimbles. But — you be the judge. . . .

During the next few weeks, our touring talent group, the Euphenomenons, made up entirely of NE sufferers, will be visiting selected homes in your area to entertain with a little variety show put together as part of our campaign. These remarkable individuals have captured hearts everywhere with their clever acts, which include playing the *Star-Spangled Banner* on any old pots and pans you have around the house, making barnyard noises and doing imitations of rocks and sofas. If you'd prefer to make your contribution in person, there's no need to make a special request for this show. You're already on the list. On the other hand, if you'd rather remain anonymous, as so many very generous people do, just send out a check or money order today and the Euphenomenons will have that much extra time to spend with other families.

Thank you.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF
NEURISTIC EUPHEMIA
National Headquarters
675 Washington Ave., Brighton, Mass.

MR. FRANCIS HUNTINGTON
DR. JAMES C. PARKINSON
DR. ALFRED HODGKINS
MR. OSGOOD SLATTERER

Dear Sir:
Through a regrettable oversight, an unsterilized batch of solid pig-iron decorator bowls, each the work of an NE victim, was inadvertently sent out as part of our fund-raising campaign. Our records indicate that your home received one of the infected bowls. Naturally, we're sorry for the mistake, but we can't help feeling that there is some poetic justice in all this. Obviously, if you had contributed at the beginning of the campaign, this never would have happened, and to top it all off, who knows, perhaps a cure for NE might have been found.

It's still not too late to give. The first 30 contributors who have contracted this tragic condition will receive a free, two-hour session on the Corpuscle Emulsifier and a service for eight of sterling silver flatware, hand-hammered by NE victims.

Don't delay. □



"Wake up, mister. I'm from Mars, and I can settle strikes fast and amicably for all concerned."

Valley of Probate

To the Apostle Luke, who once wrote: "Woe unto you, lawyers! For ye have taken away the key of knowledge: Ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."

But most of all, to Irving.

The lights were out when Norman walked into her apartment—the scrumptious apartment he wanted so badly. He found Jacqueline stretched across the bed sobbing.

"Honey." He sat down and began to massage her back. "It is worth another warning that you should make absolutely certain that such property is held under a *survivorship* deed!"

She sat up, her face streaked with mascara.

"But, Norman," she asked grimly, "what about the individual who for one reason or another does not desire to establish a joint ownership?"

He ripped off her nightgown. His mouth sought her nipples. "Or, for that matter," she persisted, her face contorted into an unflattering, babyish pucker, "what about the beneficiary to whom the domicile has passed as a surviving joint-owner under a survivorship deed. What can such persons do to avoid probate?"

She tried to push him away, but he was mounting her now in the silent darkness, thrusting, thrusting. God! What kind of man was this?

When he was finished, because she didn't know what else to do, she got up and sank into a chair and hugged her nakedness, shivering.

Norman turned on the lights and broke into a boyish grin. "The *inter vivos* trust offers a simple solution," he said. "The property owner executes a 'declaration of trust' which sets forth that she is holding the property 'in trust' for the use and benefit of the beneficiary after the property owner's death."

So, that was it.

"On your bureau table," Norman continued, "will be found copies of various declarations of trust and of a quit claim deed which will be suitable for use in connection with the arrangements just described." Satisfied, he turned over and at once sunk into an all-consuming sleep.

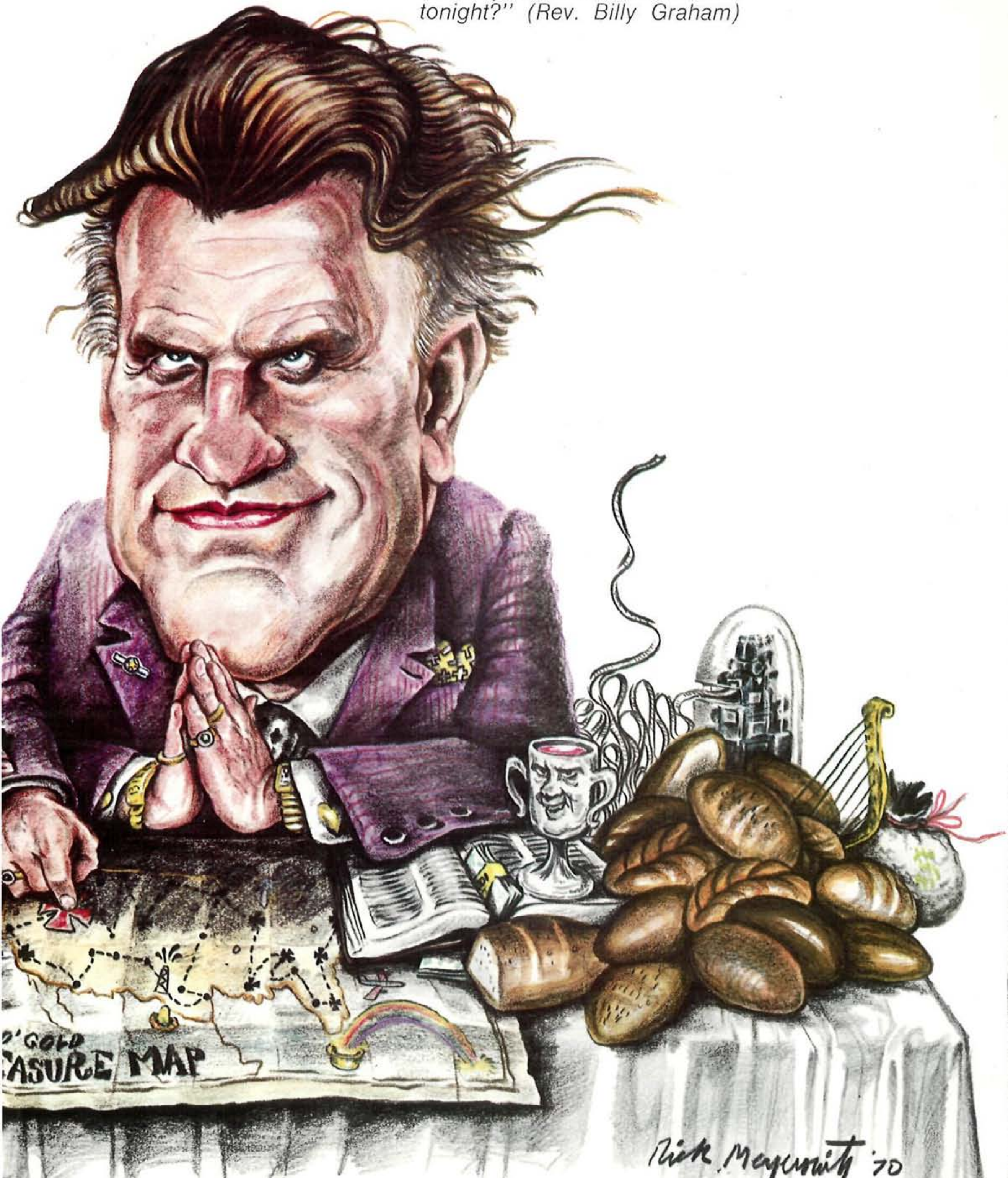
Jacqueline got up and filled out 26 of the probate forms. Then she took 67 of the beautiful red pills and 23 of the beautiful yellow pills. Still, it was almost light before she died. □

RICK MEYEROWITZ'S



GOTH OF THE MONTH

"Won't you do business with God tonight?" (Rev. Billy Graham)





Taxpayers Anonymous

By Alan Abel

Every year about this time I receive a letter from the Internal Revenue Service in a violently puce envelope. It's my annual invitation to visit the Manhattan District Director's office for an examination of my tax return. This year's letter was on Government Form L-14 3421 (Part 2) (Revised 12/68) and cooed:

"In examining your Federal income tax return for the year 1967, we find we need additional information from your records to determine your tax liability. We will make our review of your records as brief and pleasant as we can. If you have any questions, please call or write us, using the reference symbols 13212-098-13967-8, and we will be glad to reschedule the meeting. Thank you for your cooperation. Sincerely yours, District Director."

I sent off my standard form letter in reply:

507 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

IMPORTANT: When replying refer to Code #736825-0974

Dear Person:
This is a form letter. I am unable to answer you personally because the cost in time is prohibitive. Allow me to illustrate:

PROCEDURE	*TIME*
Opening and reading your letter	3 minutes
Thinking up an answer to your letter	4 "
Dictating reply to my secretary	16 "
Locating stationery, inserting into typewriter, typing an original and two carbons, removing same from typewriter, separating carbons and onion skin copies	12 "
Reading, correcting and signing original	8 "
Filing carbons	2 "
Locating and typing envelope	5 "
Licking, sealing and stamping	1 "
Delivering to mailbox	3 "
Returning from mailbox	6 "
TOTAL:	60 minutes

(BASED UPON THE STATE MINIMUM HOURLY WAGE SCALE OF $1.60, AN HOUR OF MY TIME PLUS THE SAME FOR MY SECRETARY, TOTALS $3.20.)

Therefore, if you wish to receive a personal reply, please forward $3.50 by certified check, cash or money order. (The extra 30 cents is for stationery, envelope, carbon, onion skin and postage.)

Meantime, as a temporary reply to your initial inquiry, let me say: ____ yes ____ no __V__ maybe ____ other

Sincerely yours,

Alan Abel, Occupant

AA:ja

P.S. Please do not ask for an open account unless you are rated in Dun & Bradstreet.

Within a few days I received another, slightly more foreboding missive from the Department of the Treasury, Internal Revenue Service. Notice how the initially plaintive quality subtly lapses into sinister bureaucratese.

IN REPLY REFER TO:
MSAU/O/CF 2025-LW PHONE 264-2180

Dear Taxpayer:
Please help us complete action on your Federal income tax return for the year 1967. We have enclosed two copies of our report explaining why we believe adjustments should be made in the amount of your tax. Please look this report over and let us know whether you agree with our findings. If you accept our findings, please sign the consent on one copy of the report and mail it to this office within 15 days from the date of this letter. If we don't hear from you within 30 days, we will have no alternative but to process your case on the basis of the adjustments shown in the examination report. Thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely yours,
District Director

"No alternative," indeed! I sent off another one of my form letters and checked off "no" in the appropriate space. Several weeks went by before that familiar envelope arrived on my doorstep. This time the letter was a boldly printed notice that didn't bother to start out "Dear Taxpayer." It went right to the message:

"Concerning your Federal income tax return for the year shown above, we regret that the information is not sufficient for a proper determination of your tax liability. If we do not hear from you within 15 days, we will have no alternative but to proceed on the basis of information in our file."

I telephoned an IRS agent at 120 Church Street in New York City and set a date for the following week at 1:30 P.M. His margarined voice assured me that my examination wouldn't take more than an hour of his time.

When I arrived for my appointment, I sat in a smoke-filled, fly-specked room with several dozen haunted-looking suspects also destined to be examined (fined? imprisoned? everlastingly chained to a plaster likeness of J. Edgar Hoover?). Some had arrays of lawyers, accountants and friends for moral support. Some had small dogs. Touching. Muzak burbled in the background to soothe frayed nerves while we waited and waited and waited.

An hour later I hadn't been called, and there were still 10 people ahead of me. I fingered copies of *Life, Time* and *Ladies' Home Insinkerator* scattered around on tables with the pages already badly chewed by frantic, previous occupants. It was now an hour and half past my appointment and I was going to be late for an important meeting at an advertising agency or the vet, I can't recall which. I advised the receptionist I had to leave:

"You see, miss, I have to check with my doctor every two hours to drain the fluid off my knees . . . otherwise, I begin to lose my center of gravity and fall on my face."

She nodded understandingly and suggested I write or call for another appointment.

I wrote IRS a letter the next day:

Dear Sir:
As you know, I appeared for my tax examination promptly at 1:30 P.M. I was waiting for one full hour and a half and nobody called me or anything. Really. Finally, my knees gave out. Then I had to go to the bathroom. (I would have used yours, but, well, it just wasn't the same.)

I wonder if you might be able to send an agent to my home some weekend when I can afford to wait around?

Sincerely yours,
Alan Abel, Taxpayer

Somebody at IRS called and assured me I wouldn't have to wait again. We decided on a mutually agreeable hour the very next day.

I arrived promptly with my books and records at 3:32 P.M. by their time clock that punched me in. The examining agent appeared out of a wall somewhere at 3:40 and shook a hairy finger in my face.

"You're late!" he said with some annoyance. "I waited 10 minutes for you." He was obviously trying to weaken my resistance.

"But I arrived at 3:32," I protested. He shook his head in disbelief and motioned me to follow him down the corridor. We passed through a grim labyrinth of cubbyholes where perspiring taxpayers sat mopping their brows in front of dedicated "tax technicians" (the name given to examining agents) who were challenging their deductions down to the last *centime*. As we made our way past this psychological gauntlet that serves to frighten even the honest citizen, I picked up snatches of conversations:

"I tell you, I *did* give $200 in cash to the Boy Scouts. I used to be an Eagle Scout myself. Want to hear the pledge . . . ?" ". . . . he's a big eater . . . . I spent $174.86 for meat alone . . . . that dog guards our home . . . . . . a toy poodle, yes, but he can chew your leg off when aroused." "Look, I only make $95 a week driving a lousy cab. Nobody tips anymore. I don't make tips. Tipping is *out* . . . ." ". . . . . here, have a cigar . . . who, me try to bribe you? C'mon."

Against this backdrop of greed, corruption and madness, I was ushered into a cubicle all my own. The agent tugged at his suspenders and unloosened his belt a little to ease the pressure from lunch. He was a man in his middle 50's, gray hair, a crew cut and he wore a suit he must have bought as a fledgling file clerk for the NRA.

I pointedly took off my raggedy tweed overcoat with the frayed sleeves and shredded collar. Underneath, my moth-eaten jacket was unraveling — except for the left lapel bearing my Silent Majority button; and my corduroy pants were patched in a few places.

"Ha ha!" he said gleefully. "It says here on Saturday, December 9, 1967, 'Take Pussycat to Washington.' " Folding his arms, he waited for explanation. In his look of eager anticipation I read the accusation: "A married man, yet." He looked at me victoriously and reached for his adding machine. I blocked his arm with a stiff forefinger.

" 'Pussycat' happens to be my traveling secretary," I explained flatly. "And also my wife. I was invited to attend Lynda Bird Johnson's wedding at the White House as a reporter for the *Washington Examiner*. It was a working assignment." I reached into my shopping bag and produced a sample column from the *Examiner*. He didn't even bother to read it. Round one was mine.

For the next three hours, I was able to account for each expense item with receipts and corresponding notations in my Daily Reminder (as prescribed by law). But the agent wanted to find something, *anything* he could disallow. Professional pride. That's part of the IRS psychology: to show a profit for the time their "tax technicians" spent horsing around with taxpayers' books and records.

"Your records happen to be very good," the agent admitted during the third hour of interrogation. "The government only wants what is due them, no more, no less."

I winced a little at that last statement. About 12 years ago I overpaid Uncle Sam $20 on my tax return and I'm still waiting for the refund. I thought of going to small-claims court, but my accountant advised against it.

"Mr. Abel," he began with a note of gloom. "I've just gone over your return again and I'm going to overlook that $16 we couldn't find. But I can't allow you to deduct $114 for the blazer and trousers. I know the receipt says it's a uniform, but you could wear it on the street or at a dinner party."

"A yellow blazer with black and blue stripes, red pants, purple tie, green ascot and a brown tam? Wear it on the street or to a dinner party?" I asked.

I showed him a snapshot of myself standing on a soapbox before several hundred people who were listening soberly to my tall tale about the then short-lived Arab-Israeli War. (I claimed it wasn't a real war, just a documentary film produced by J. Arthur Rank with a seven-day shooting schedule.)

There was a moment of silence. His hand was halfway to the adding machine. "Case closed," he said with a sigh of relief.

As I rode home on the subway, I reflected on the indignities to which taxpayers such as myself are subjected. We're treated, for the most part, as confirmed sneaks rather than citizens innocent until proven guilty. The burden of proving tax evasion, if that is what it is, should be upon the government. Instead, IRS goes on a series of random fishing expeditions often without a morsel of proof or even a search warrant.

That's why I decided to form an organization called TAXPAYERS ANONYMOUS to challenge government spending for a change and ask to examine *their* books, records,

receipts and canceled checks. Also to ask a few soul-searching questions such as:

1. Is minimum rag content being used in all printing paper for the 2,000 government agencies?
2. What is to prevent Washington officials from trading in their Cadillacs and Lincolns for Fords and Chevys?
3. Couldn't State Department couriers use Greyhound Buses or economy class on airplanes to cut down travel expenses?
4. Is there a money-saving laundromat in the White House basement? If not, why not?
5. Are our fighter and bomber planes in Vietnam insured against fire, damage or loss?
6. Could the Senate cafeteria economize by purchasing day-old bread and pastry from Horn & Hardart?
7. Why not install pay toilets in all government buildings to cut down on unnecessary loitering and to build up a slush fund for petty cash expenditures?
8. Couldn't bachelor senators and representatives live in a dormitory on Capitol Hill?
9. Why doesn't the Internal Revenue Service just tax everyone a straight 10 per cent of their yearly income and drop all the complicated tables, deductions and other gobbledygook?

Before continuing my campaign to examine the government's books and records, I decided to seek legal advice from an outstanding young West Coast attorney and crusader, Roger Jon Diamond.

Roger listened to my complaint via long-distance phone and promised to check on the Constitutional law before deciding whether the citizen had a right to question government spending. He was back to me the next day with good news: TAXPAYERS ANONYMOUS would have its day in court unless Uncle Sam let me peek inside his drawers. We would start with Internal Revenue's very own books and records.

To spearhead the challenge, this letter went to IRS from Roger Diamond's office in Pacific Palisades, Calif.:

February 12, 1970

Internal Revenue Service
Washington, D.C. 20225

Re: *Records of Expenditures of Internal Revenue Service*

Gentlemen:
I represent Mr. Alan Abel, a taxpayer, who wishes to exercise his right under 5 U.S.C. Sec. 551 et seq. to inspect the records of the Internal Revenue Service in order to satisfy himself and the organization which he represents, Taxpayers Anonymous, that the Government and especially the Internal Revenue Service, is making no unnecessary expenditure of public funds and in order to determine that all expenses of the Internal Revenue Service are legitimate. Mr. Abel has reason to believe that some expenditures have not been made for legitimate governmental purposes and other expenses have been "padded."

As you well know, Federal law does permit citizens to inspect the records of their government. Mr. Abel merely wishes to exercise his privilege to do so.

Specifically, Mr. Abel, on behalf of Taxpayers Anonymous, would like to do those things with respect to the Internal Revenue Service, which Section 7602 of the Internal Revenue Code permits the IRS to do with respect to an individual taxpayer. That is, Mr. Abel wishes to examine the books and records of the Internal Revenue Service.

If you have any questions concerning exactly what Mr. Abel has in mind or what he would like to do, please let me know and I will advise you. I can assure you that Mr. Abel only wishes to spend a few hours and does not wish to burden the Government.

However, I must point out that Mr. Abel is prepared to and will, in fact, institute legal proceedings in Federal Court to enforce his right under Federal law to conduct such examination. We certainly hope that this will not be necessary in view of the enormous expenditure of time and money which such litigation will impose on both Mr. Abel and the Government.

I look forward to hearing from you as soon as possible.

Very truly yours,

ROGER JON DIAMOND

Don't get me wrong. I'm proud to pay taxes, glad to support the richest country in the world. It's the least I can do in return for all the government does to defend me against Communism, cyclamates and the Japanese beetle.

Maybe my contribution is pretty minimal after all. My taxes might represent only one tenth of one per cent of one mill. But even if, as my accountant suggests, I'm only contributing the Tinker Toy that goes into some foreign orphan's Christmas stocking, I would like to be assured. I would like to know if it isn't going into the shoe of the Secretary of the Treasury or being socked away by those elves at the Pentagon. I *would* like to know where the 20 per cent of my income or the proceeds of two and a half months of my year's labor goes. If my integrity is continuously challenged every year, I figure the least I can do on behalf of the Silent Suffering is to turn the tables. Tit for tat. □

Will the government of the United States consent to scrutiny of their books and records by a taxpaying citizen? Will Alan Abel have to carry the issue all the way to the Supreme Court? Mr. Abel will report further on this subject of vital importance. THE EDITORS





"Let's go see what's on the Late Movie."

The Poor and the Super-poor

BY RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

An Eloquent Argument for Stricter Immigration Laws

In any thoughtful discussion of professional paupers, hucksters and other social parasites, the talk turns reverently to the Leamons, America's foremost economic lampreys, who have brought a special artistry to unemployment. The Leamon family crest, crossed liens on a field of sheriffs, has been borne by a breed of men who have given new meaning to sloth; and the Leamon family motto, *Nicht Celt Gae Gelt*, a stirring blend of Hebrew and Gaelic that says, "It's not what you owe, it's what they can collect," has sounded defiantly at foreclosures since 1846. Through all these years, the indigent elan of this clan has inspired countless millions of flops and fakes who have clung to the alternate motto that Lehman Leamon relied on when he left Ireland to find a place without prejudice or extradition: "The early bird gets hepatitis."

Who *was* this Lehman Leamon (or Leamon Lehman, as it is writ on high holy days)? At first he was just another Irish Jew who lived here and there in Cork, where he toiled at the simple but rewarding trade of reporting neighbors to the British. Tiring of civil service, he devised a daring plan to corner the potato market, which had been acting rather bearish. One momentous night, while deep in potato salad, Lehman suddenly decided to buy long in Russian Imperials, a cigarette company in Minsk that had just made a deal to sponsor the pogroms.

There was a special reason why potato stocks were bargains: All the crops had failed. But Lehman took no interest in farming and was therefore somewhat surprised when he awoke one Shrove Tuesday to see the headline, "SPUDS ARE DUDS!" As if this blow wasn't enough, the directors of Russian Imperials learned that he was Jewish and confiscated all his holdings, donating the money to a fund for anemic White Russians.

It was at this point in his life that Lehman decided it would be a nice touch to snub his inferiors; failing to find any in Europe, he smuggled himself aboard a leaking schooner disguised as a load of copra and headed west to the New World, where he had heard that handouts grew on trees and the streets were paved with IOU's.

Waterlogged and famished, Lehman reached America late in 1847 with only 26 cents in his pocket and a bogus thousand in his shoe. Unfortunately, his cheap socks ran and the bill turned brown. The voyage, however, had its happier side, for during a midnight stroll through steerage in search of loose bologna, Lehman met and instantly loved the somewhat attractive Sophie Pajocky, niece of the bishop of Warsaw and heiress to the fabled Pajocky Polish Ham estate.

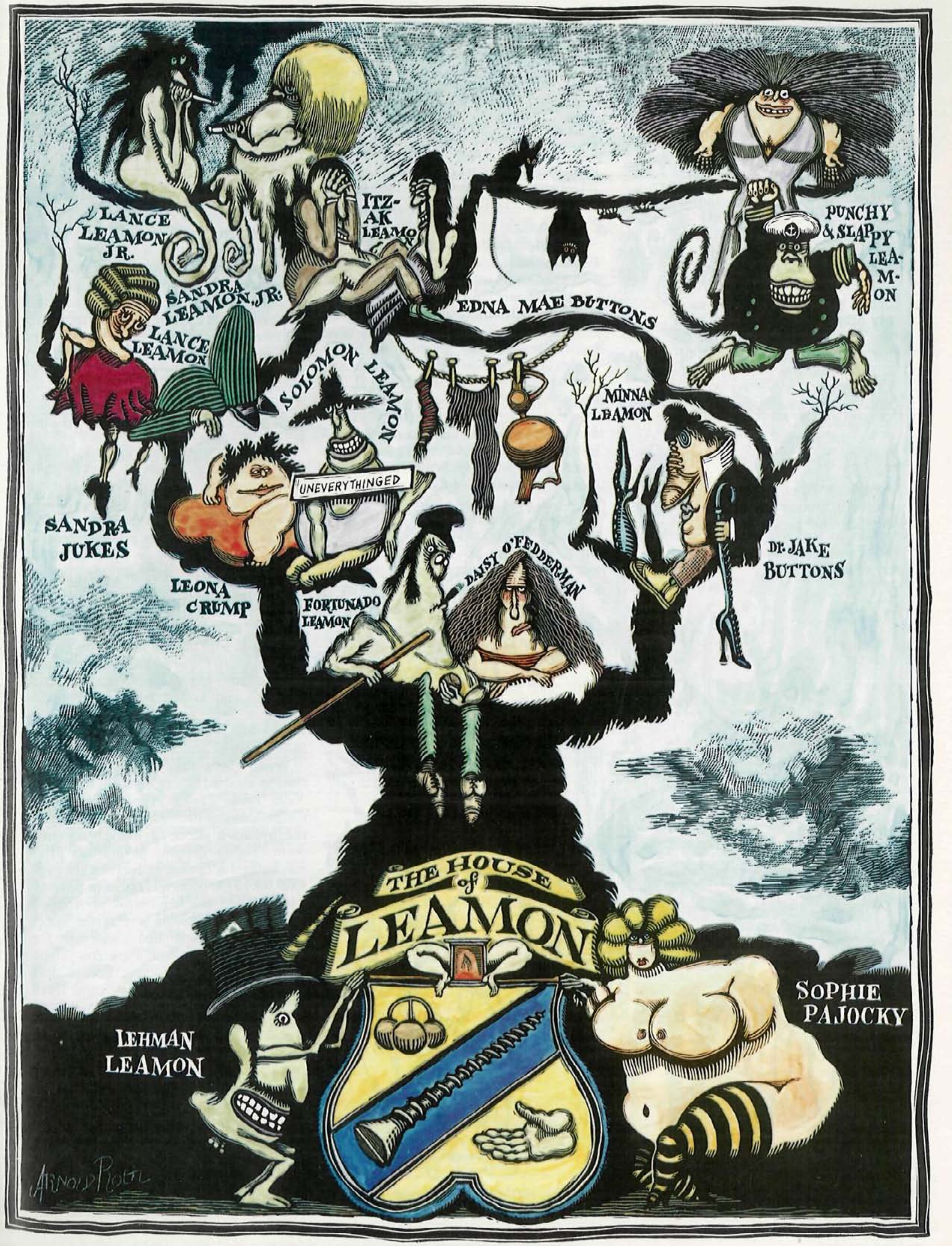
Although Sophie found in Lehman an Irish lout who was poor, boorish and Jewish, she also saw him as a young man on his way; and how right she was. He was on his way to several months at Ellis Island for observation as a possible typhus carrier. When Sophie tenderly offered to share his quarantine, Lehman proposed. What he proposed horrified and disgusted Sophie, so he grudgingly married her instead. Sophie's parents, being no fools, immediately disinherited her.

Lehman's luck soon started to turn. Early in the morning on one of his carefree island days, while the doctors were checking him for lice, Sophie gave birth to a son whom they hopefully called Fortunado. His first thoughts about the boy were paternally protective ones: Since he was born on Ellis Island, he might be able to beat the New York State income tax. New York State didn't *have* an income tax in 1847, but Lehman had a sixth sense about these things.

When he finally landed in New York City, Lehman quickly laid the cornerstone for the entire unemployed establishment: He founded the House of Leamon, a quick-service bordello. The House of Leamon soon became much more than just a tradesmen's tenderloin. It was a place where a down-at-the-heels patron could drop by on a cold afternoon, sit by the imported peat fire and kite a few checks; it was a place to rest awhile after selling a pint of blood; and, during the Civil War, it was a favorite place for convivial deserters. Unfortunately, Lehman's snobbery made him admit only Confederate Irish Jews, a selectivity that produced the first recorded whorehouse failure in America.

During the thrilling days of the Gilded Age, when, as was customary, Americans looked to their frauds for leadership, Fortunado picked up his father's tarnished escutcheon and pawned it for a free pass to the Bijou Burlesque. He also re-established the House of Leamon, not as a cathouse but as a clearing house for food that he appropriated from free-lunch counters. He would order a beer, deftly slip a few sandwiches into his pockets and then stroll out to sell the meat to dubious restaurants where there were few questions asked about a little lint on the liverwurst. For the next few years, Fortunado Leamon made a nice, marginal living by fencing food and by selling shorter names to puzzled immigrants. In the spring of 1880, he married one of the hostesses from the old House of Leamon, the widely loved Daisy O'Fedderman, who presented him with twins which he happily accepted even though they weren't his.

And then, with sickening suddenness,


LANCE LEAMON JR.
SANDRA LEAMON, JR.
ITZ-AK LEAMON
PUNCHY & SLAPPY LEAMON
EDNA MAE BUTTONS
LANCE LEAMON
SOLOMON LEAMON
MINNA LEAMON
UNEVERYTHINGED
SANDRA JUKES
DR. JAKE BUTTONS
LEONA CRUMP
FORTUNADO LEAMON
DAISY O'FEDDERMAN
THE HOUSE of LEAMON
SOPHIE PAJOCKY
LEHMAN LEAMON
ARNOLD ROTH

the fortunes of Fortunado (o, mocking play on words!) turned to ashes. The bottom fell out of the steerage market and his picture began appearing at the free-lunch counters. He bounced back, however, with the wisdom and gall that were his heritage: He wrapped the squalling twins in rags and sent them off to beg outside St . Patrick's Cathedral with a sign that said "HOORAY FOR JESUS." It was a daring move, particularly since the twins looked as *goyisch* as Barbra Streisand. By working all six masses incognito, the twins, Minna and Solomon, cleared enough nickels, dimes and bus tokens to keep the family going; and it was going to Saratoga, which, if my Moslem friends will pardon the image, had become a veritable Jewish mecca. There, guided by a tip from a friendly trainer, Fortunado swelled his havings with a bet on a horse whose saliva could have been bottled and sold at Woodstock.

As the years went by, first one and then the next, this remarkable clan became a shining example of the Great American Dream, of how simple, resourceful, Judeo-Gaelic snobs could immigrate and prosper without ever succumbing to the inhuman degradation of a job. Fortunado, a sturdy son of the melting pot, was now melting pot, the first marijuana ever shipped to New York, and turning it into a popular soft drink called Toka Cola. The twins were working the synagogues, too, and Daisy didn't just sit around diddling the iceman like the others in her fashionable set. Instead, she returned to her old profession and diddled everybody, and at a tidy profit.

In spite of this apparent hubris, the Leamons still encountered a setback here and there. Fortunado was arrested in his soda-works and placed for a short while in jail, where the unaccustomed rich food gave him gout; the twins were beaten senseless by a gang of bored choir boys; and old Lehman passed away from an overdose of soy sauce. Grief-stricken though he was, Fortunado was still clearheaded enough to unload his father's body at an unlicensed medical school in Kansas City. The old free-lunch king just couldn't stop peddling meat.

It wasn't long before the Leamons were the envy of every crooked dollar-jockey in town. By the turn of the century, Fortunado had converted the House of Leamon into an investment banking service for people of limited means, giving them a chance to invest in any number that they wanted for their portfolio. Many different numbers were suggested as excellent growth stocks, but the most bullish seemed to be 4703, the number of child molestations in Detroit in 1899. This enterprise was soon doing so well that the Leamons were actually ready to join the lower-middle class; but then a competing service was founded by another family operation from Sicily, whose competitive business methods depleted the resources (and members) of the Leamon dynasty.

Once more, the Leamons were down on their luck but not their spunk. Night after night, they repaired to a swank little bottle club on Welfare Island, where they raised their Dixie cups full of muscatel and sang (to the tune of *Mother Was a Vegetarian*):

When you're down on your luck,
Don't be a schmuck.
Just put a "p" before it
And convert your luck to pluck.
And if this little crutch
Still fails you in the clutch,
Just add a "g" to pluck,
But I'm afraid that won't spell much.

The meager Leamon meals were now delivered in doggie bags from the kitchens of the Salvation Army, where Fortunado kept culling goodies by promising to enlist. Gone was all his legitimate income from happy weed, numbers and bologna; and at last he was driven to taking a loan from the bank, barely saving his pride by using his brother-in-law's name and credentials.

When these funds were gone, Fortunado entered the competition for *The New York Times* Hundred Neediest Cases, certain that no one could resist the hypnotic effect of his outstretched palm. To his delight, he finished fifth, just behind a family of Jersey City gypsies. By 1913, however, tastes in poverty had changed, the Leamons had dropped to 38th and the wolf was at the door, although this was not abnormal for squatters at the Central Park zoo. Their only bit of luck was that Fortunado's untimely death at the hands (and feet) of an annoyed gorilla gave them one less mouth to feed.

But greater luck was soon at hand: Solomon Leamon suddenly found himself in the chips when he married the daughter of Crump's Poker Supplies, the strikingly unattractive Leona Crump. Unfortunately, she was a WASP (Weak and Stupid Person) and Solomon's crowd refused to attend the wedding, held at the sacred (and neutral) Bronx Magistrate's Court.

This matrimonial windfall more than



". . . Never mind the thmart remarkths, mithter, just thwow down that bokth of gold . . ."

made up for the tragic marriage of his sister, Minna. Lowering her sights, she fell cockeyed in love with her podiatrist, Dr. Jake Buttons, who kissed her feet with a toe-curling zeal while he talked of his box at the opera. Poor little nitwitted Minna, who kept her toes in shape because she often used them for counting, was a girl born to be snagged by a social-climbing foot fetishist. It could almost have been predicted that Minna's daughter, Edna Mae, would grow up to marry one of Solomon's sons and thus bring society just a little closer to a sterilization law.

Solomon's marriage into Crump's Poker Supplies gave the House of Leamon new funds, and he wasted no time turning them into staggering debts. Shrewdly refusing to invest in passing fads like zippers and ballpoint pens, he looked beyond the horizon and took a flier in Serbian war bonds. Needless to say, he was more than a little distressed when the Great War ended and Serbia didn't exist. He spent many months trying to find it; and then, pathetically, he tried to sell the bonds.

"The best I can give you for these," said the manager of the First Belgrade Trust, "is 10 Russian Imperials or two tickets to the cockfights."

Russian Imperials! If only old Lehman could have been alive to see how the great traditions were being kept, how Fortunado's boy had unerringly guided the clan into Balkan bankruptcy.

Although Leona's money might have been shrinking, *she* managed to reproduce and have a son, Itzak, who reminded people of Lehman. There was something about the jam under his nails and about the play of his fingers over his molars after a meal that brought to mind the grand old man.

When Itzak and his brother, Lance, had finished their undergraduate work at Boys' Town, Solomon brought them into the House of Leamon, and the three of them labored night and day to get a jump on the Depression. They took a heavy plunge in dirigibles, Ouija boards and perpetual motion machines. When the Crash finally came, they would have leaped from open windows like other ruined tycoons had they not lived in a basement. By 1929, Leona's fortune was gone; but still looking to poker for income, she went to speakeasies and hustled drunks, trying to save her loved ones by luring rich drunks into rigged rounds of Spit-in-the-Ocean.

In one respect, the Depression was a boon to the Leamons, for their borderline existence was suddenly made popular by that great leveler of society, universal penury. The coming of the New Deal was, of course, a heady time: They didn't know which handout to go for first. However, when Itzak was refused an agricultural subsidy for plowing under every third grocery bill, the Leamons decided that unemployment insurance was their enchanted goal. Proudly they flaunted their status by arranging choice appointments at the unemployment office, avoiding the post-dawn hours given to actors and retired marathon dancers. It became their custom to visit the office at 2 and 2:30, shortly after enjoying a light lunch of Communion wafers.

During one of his visits there, Lance Leamon fell into a brisk monosyllabic exchange with one of the clerks, a fetchingly walleyed young lady named Sandra Jukes, who insisted that the catalogs of certified occupations didn't include the ones he was seeking: free-lunch salesman, apprentice shoplifter, Parcheesi hustler or journeyman welcher.

"They're traditional family positions," he told her. "I won't settle for anything else."

"Take a position on *this*," she said, holding up her middle finger to show it was 1 o'clock.

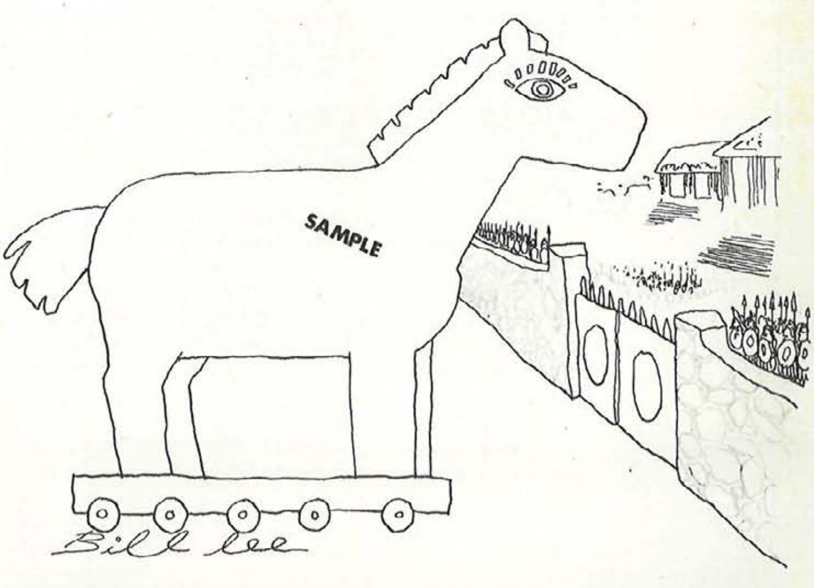
It was Sandra's misfortune to be seen by her boss, who knew it was 10 past 2; and so she left the employ of the unemployment office, making the short but percipitous trip to the other side of the window, where Lance quickly gave her his heart, his place in line and a ring engraved with the loving motto, *Antonio y Cleopatra*.

Sandra and Lance now began slipping into the darkened corners of intimate little soup kitchens, where they would pause just long enough to fill their pockets with pretzels and rolls. And on their way out, he would tell her of his dreams.

"My dream," he said one night as they cuddled on the steps of City Hall, "is to someday kite a check all the way to Ottawa."

"Dream on, my busted darling," she told him. "Don't just settle for bouncing fivers off the delicatessen. Hitch your wagon to the Canadian clearance lag."

The children of this blessed union, Lance Jr. and Sandra Jr., are leading the clan today, more than a century after Lehman Leamon came to the New World to be inspected for vermin and stayed on to build an aristocracy of boors, vagrants and welchers. A hundred years ago, a bum had to be a rugged individualist; but if Lehman could see his descendants at their welfare chiseling today, if he could see them parading rented ragamuffins before gullible social workers, he would know that no matter how socialistic his monument might become, the House of Leamon will never be condemned. □



Plug That Gold Drain!

By Andrew Weil

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear U.N. Member:

This letter has been around the world many times, and it brings good luck wherever it goes. A small European country invested 5,000 francs and made $56 million. A South American government made $61 million. And all of this money was made legally since as long as this letter is sent by diplomatic pouch, it violates no international law or convention!

Could your republic, workers' paradise, monarchy or whatever use a little extra foreign exchange to help solve that annual balance-of-payments crisis? Here's all you do:

As soon as you get this letter, send one gold bar, 0.992 fine, 400 ounces Troy, to the country at the top of the list below. Then, make four copies of this letter, adding the name of your country to the bottom of the list and omitting the country at the top. Sell these for $2,500 U.S. to four other countries. At that point, at existing exchange rates, you're even -- and you're risking nothing! It's as simple as that. In two weeks, you will start receiving your gold. Eventually, you will get over $50 million to spend on something like a flashy new airport or a wild irrigation project, or maybe some surplus arms to topple an unfriendly neighboring government.

U.S.A.
Republic of Mali
Bolivia
Chad
Austria
Burma
U.A.R.
Dahomey

Do not break the chain! There is a mysterious curse connected with this letter that has struck countries which have done so. A tiny S.E. Asian country which broke the chain fell victim to a devastating war. The government of an ancient Mediterranean democracy ignored this curse and was swept away in a bloodless coup only two days after breaking the chain! Don't let this happen to your father or motherland!

The sooner you sell your letters, the sooner you'll get your money, so don't delay. □


75 CENTS
TRUE FINANCE
ull Length Confession:
GAVE MY HEART TO BERNIE BARUCH,
ND IT SPLIT 3-1
nside the Small Business Administration:
low was I to know that his
LACK CAPITALISM was WHITE SLAVERY?
Vall Street Signals
aper Route Boom Means X-Tra $$$
ig Money in Electroplating Baby Shoes

"I pray to God my beautiful children never find out... We Changed Our Name, But How Do We Change Our SHAME"



Rupert Jr. is 9 now, and just at the age when little boys begin to collect things. Only today he rushed up to me breathless with excitement over some old City of Duluth Tax-Free Municipals he'd found in the barn . . . yesterday it was an old first edition of *Paradise Lost* we'd stuffed in the piano. "Oh, God," I pray as I smile over my son's worthless little "treasures" (the Municipals only yield about 4% per annum), "don't let anything destroy his faith in us."

At night, I am attacked in my very bed by nagging worries and doubts. . . . What about our little girl, Scylla, she of the wind-tossed curls and impish smile, now a B-plus student at the most exclusive convent in New Jersey, what if she were to find out about us *in the gutter*. . . .

We were just two kids from Brooklyn. My husband was a boy, and, luckily enough, I was a girl. We both came from poor families. Shortly after the Summit meeting in Geneva in 1955, Rupert (he's my husband; I'm Jean, pleased to make your acquaintance) had an idea for making a lot of scratch. Rupert noticed how some families in our neighborhood seemed to have baby glut while others suffered from baby famine. He decided to get into the baby trading line. Within six months we went public and diversified — staging a successful proxy battle for control of a prominent diaper service. We were too young to know.

No one can take from me the blessed memory of those months. Together we scaled the peaks of success, climbing to giddy heights of affluence. One day, Rupert (wearing his first Hart Schaffner & Marx suit—I'll never forget) burst into our tiny little triplex in the lovely Garish Gardens section, held me close in his arms, pressing my Adorn-sprayed curls against his unshaven face and whispered hoarsely, "Baby."

"Yes, Rupert," I said.

"Baby," said Rupert, "we're listed." Yes, at an age when most young people are still hustling quarters for the laundromat, we had our baby trading operation listed on the Commodity Exchange.

We began trading baby futures and acquired a chain of classy kindergartens. Together we soared into the stratosphere of the well-to-do.

It was then I heard about the malicious whispers. Although poor, my family was an old one and we had always held our head "high" in aristocratic Flatbush circles. At least once a year, my mother was asked by a socially prominent relative to "bend an elbow" at the ultra-exclusive Shuffle Inn club.

I'll never forget that heartbroken telephone call from my mother. "They won't take me at the Shuffle Inn," she sobbed, bravely holding back the hysteria, "because they say you sell babies," she said. Shocked, I tried to explain that we didn't *sell* babies but rather *traded* them for a healthy commission. But in my heart of hearts I knew that the narrow-minded aristocrats of the Shuffle Inn club, jealous of our affluence and our Garish Garden triplex, would never accept this crucial distinction.

My heart aching with despair, I went to the wisest man I knew — our wonderful parish priest, Father Thomas. Putting all reticence aside, I told Father Thomas that while Rupert and I were interested in money, we did not want to lose sight of the high spiritual values . . . like social position. Father Thomas, his frost blue eyes twinkling (with tears? I never knew), spoke to me frankly: "Listen, sweetheart," he philosophized, "so who has to know you trade babies?"

That night, our baby trading company became a conglomerate. We acquired a computer software company, a chain of dry-cleaning stores, a prominent tomato juice line and (for prestige) a number of pollution control patents. We had a new name — SWAPCO Industries and we left haughty Brooklyn for a new community where we could start over. Yes, now we send our daughter to the most exclusive convent in New Jersey. Our son is tutored at home. Our press agents publicize Rupert as "The Pollution Control Tsar." We are happy, and, what is more, we are rich.

But whenever I hear a newborn baby cry (or touch a leaf, or see the sky), I worry that some snobbish little *mafiosita* at the overpriced convent is whispering *filth* to our little daughter. "Your parents trade babies, na-na-na-na-na." Oh, God, what would I do if my children did learn about us and begin to whine and snivel. Well, I'd look them straight in the eye and, holding back the tears, I'd trade them right back where they came from. It might be hard cheese on them, but that's the wonderful, bittersweet world of finance. □



A Young Heiress's Desperate Confession: I Couldn't Refuse His Tender Offers (and Now I'm Not Worth the Paper I'm Printed On)

Where did it begin? The only clue I have is a tear-stained diary (crushed leather, $25 at better stores everywhere). As I flip through its pages, the memories come flooding back. . . .

Tuesday . . . Absolutely bored, Binky in Southampton, Apthorpe in Perth Amboy, God in his heaven. . . . I'm absolutely alone, and, as I lounge here in my chic (if slightly overdone) Manhattan penthouse, I begin to wonder, *What does it all mean? Does the Presbyterian Church really have all the answers?* Desperate, I call my broker, tell him to sell 10,000 Pacific Gas and Electric and come up for a drink.

Wednesday . . . Never did have that drink with the broker. Had him slip me the cash through the mail slot. Strangest thing. I hadn't noticed the new houseboy before, but as I stood before the full-length mirror admiring my firm breasts, I caught a glimpse of a dark face. I pretended to be shocked, but later as I dressed I made care to select not the high-necked dress I planned but one of my most daring glamour issues, designed to reveal every cash reserve.

I went into the living room, affecting (as I knew so well how to do) an aloof "lady of the manor" air.

"You are the new houseboy, are you not?" I asked him coolly.

"Central Casting sent me," was his bold reply.

A simple conversational exchange but I could sense, nonetheless, his hard-core unemployment.

"Do you like my glamour issue?" I asked him coyly.

Without a further word he came to me and, pressing his lips to my debentures, cupped my tight money with his pulsating hand. In a trice, my glamour issue lay on the floor around my feet, and only my tiny little cotton futures stood between my domestic auto sales and his hard-core unemployment. Feeling a rising surge of passion I nipped his ear, raking his lucrative sideline with my fingernails. I felt his leverage tight against me and I thrilled at the closeness. But as he began to expose his soaring costs, I drew back. "Remember," I said, summoning all my hauteur, "you are but the houseboy from Central Casting, while I am a major heiress and a lady."

"You are nothing but common stock," he said, "and you love it. . . . " *(continued on page 887)*

FORTY LIP-SALVE STOCKS TO BUY NOW

Yes, if you'd answered our ad THREE MONTHS AGO, and gotten into the high-powered BUT RISKY lip-salve market, well, old-timer you'd be sitting pretty. Instead of putting one misshapen foot after another, you'd be walking with a sprightlier step, buying automatic toasters and other expensive gifts for friends and loved ones, joining exclusive clubs, earning the respect and just plain ENVY of those less shrewd than yourself. But because you failed to answer our ad three months ago, there you are, old-timer, putting one misshapen foot after the other.

WHAT ABOUT THREE MONTHS FROM NOW? Are you going to be putting one misshapen foot after the other, or are you GOING TO BE RIDING HIGH with super profitable but RISKY lip-salve stocks?

Or maybe you think you're so smart that you can make it by yourself in the tricky lip-salve market? Well, then, know-it-all, just see if you can answer these questions:

1) Which prominent lip salve contains cyclamates *and* DDT and is about to be removed from the market in all but ghetto areas?

2) Which lip salve tastes best?

3) Which lip-salve company is aggressively pushing its wares in lip-conscious Scandinavia?

4) Which lip salve has been approved for use in the Medical Pavilions of the Inter-American Trade and Exposition Exposition of 1970 in Buena Vista, Chile?

5) Which lip salve is the lip salve of the stars?

6) Why do *some* lip-salve stocks go *up* while other lip-salve stocks go down?

7) Why do many experts think of lip-salve stocks as a hedge against inflation?

8) How will the fad for lip removal (a simple, painless operation) affect lip-salve stocks?

Our INSIDER'S LIP-SALVE VALUE LINE answers these and many more tiresome questions and provides you with more information than you can possibly want about the exciting BUT RISKY lip-salve field.

to: INSIDER'S LIP-SALVE VALUE LINE
Box 5
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Sirs: I would like to subscribe to the INSIDER'S LIP-SALVE VALUE LINE

FOR: ☐ 3 months at $400
☐ 6 months at $750

Name__________

Address__________

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Dun & Bradstreet rating:________

LAND LAND LAND LAND LAND LAND LAND LAND LAND LAND LAND LAND









YES, Land is WHERE IT'S AT. All through the centuries men have coveted LAND, fought exciting duels over LAND, farmed the LAND, even been *buried* in the LAND. But how about *you*? Caught in some stuffy little apartment paying *Rent* to some Landlord? What about your wife—with her sallow complexion and everlasting, sad-ass little cough? Will she never know the glory of LAND OWNERSHIP?

But maybe you thought LAND OWNERSHIP was only for the big guy. Well, hold your hat. Stalagmite Properties, the biggest developer in Northwest Central Nevada is now developing the fabled *Mesa de los Muertos Ranch*. This huge tract, the legacy of a SPANISH GRANDEE, lies in one of the most imaginative parts of Nevada.

LAND FROM A LEGEND . . . You can still hear the story today—from tight-lipped old-timers—the story of the fabled MESA DE LOS MUERTOS and its lost TREASURE. If you listen carefully as these old-timers mumble their ancient story, you will hear of GOLDEN STALAGMITES AS BIG AS THE HOTEL McALPIN.

Because of the wage-price spiral, the golden stalagmites are gone, but look at what you *will* find at Mesa de Los Muertos. Part and Parcel of Your Mesa de Los Muertos Ranchette will be:

SUN: Sun like you never dreamed possible. Constant, glorious, health giving sun. Not just some of the time but all the time. Yes, you'll never be without sun on your Mesa de Los Muertos Ranchette.

LAND: Every Mesa de Los Muertos Ranchette consists of real land. Depending on whether or not you choose a budget ranchette or go "all the way" to a giant $1\frac{1}{4}$ acre WESTERN KINGDOM RANCHETTE, your estate will encompass almost a city block. AND THAT'S LIVING!

VISTAS: Your heart will jump as you witness the glory of an early morning sunrise at Mesa de Los Muertos, pound faster as you watch the sun rise to an incredible noonday peak. And yes, you'll thrill at the late night sunset. There's something for everyone to see at a Mesa de Los Muertos Ranchette.

COSMOPOLITAN SOCIAL LIFE: Although close to nature, Mesa de Los Muertos is mere hours away from fast-growing Slug Valley, Nevada, the cosmopolitan county seat. In Slug Valley you will find SCHOOLS with many children attending classes, and STORES, where many different items (including vital food and water) can be purchased. ON THE DRAWING BOARDS is the Slug Valley Community Center which will include a miniature golf course and duckpin bowling. Planned activities at the center include pinochle for "Dad" and jewelry-making classes for "Milady."

HOW TO GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR

You can buy a full-sized WESTERN PRINCIPALITY RANCHETTE for as little as $400 down and MERE PENNIES PER MO. Or, you can "go all the way" to the prestige of a WESTERN KINGDOM RANCHETTE for just slightly more.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

TESTIMONIAL

Mrs. Randolph Lurch, formerly of Newark, New Jersey

I was born in Newark, and I thought I liked it, but lately it began to get "funny" if you know what I mean. So I bought a Western Kingdom Ranchette, and I must say there sure is a lot of sun on it, just like they said. Sun in the morning, sun all day, even got sun at night, sun, sun, sun, they sure weren't fibbing about *that*. You can bet that I'll join that jewelry making class when it starts up.

Sincerely,

Elvita Lurch



Join The Gang

Subscribe now to the *National Lampoon* and be the first on your block to be on a first-name basis with these remarkable fellows. Each month they spin off tons and tons of toe-curling humor and tasteless satire, and we'd like them to be *your* pals, too! In addition, you will help us get rid of six zillion crates of magazines that threaten to elbow us out of our formica-ridden offices. But, never mind that.

Just send our computer Louise the tacky little coupon with a teensy-weensy smidgeon of your extra money and she'll rip off each new issue of the *National Lampoon* and send it directly to you! Future issues include Blight, Nostalgia, Culture Heroes and Show Biz.

For just $5.95 (the price of five pounds of so-so hamburger), you can have our rag of nontoxic sunshine every month. Collect 'em all.

NATIONAL LAMPOON

A Twenty First Century Communications Publication

The National Lampoon, Dept. 570 — Fill out and mail
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want a charter subscription to the *National Lampoon*.
I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐

☐ 1-year subscription (12 issues)—$5.95 (you save $3.05)
☐ 2-year subscription (24 issues)—$10.50 (you save $7.50)
☐ 3-year subscription (36 issues)—$14.50 (you save $12.50)

Name ______________________
(please print)
Address ______________________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________
Please be sure to include your correct zip code number.

CROSSING THE RUBICAM
By Michael O'Donoghue



"STATISTICS PROVE THAT 4 OUT OF 5 LOOTERS CHOOSE ZENITH TELEVISION SETS! When price is no object . . ."





Hey Kids! It's

MICKEY MAOIST!

The Red Revolutionary Rap Doll



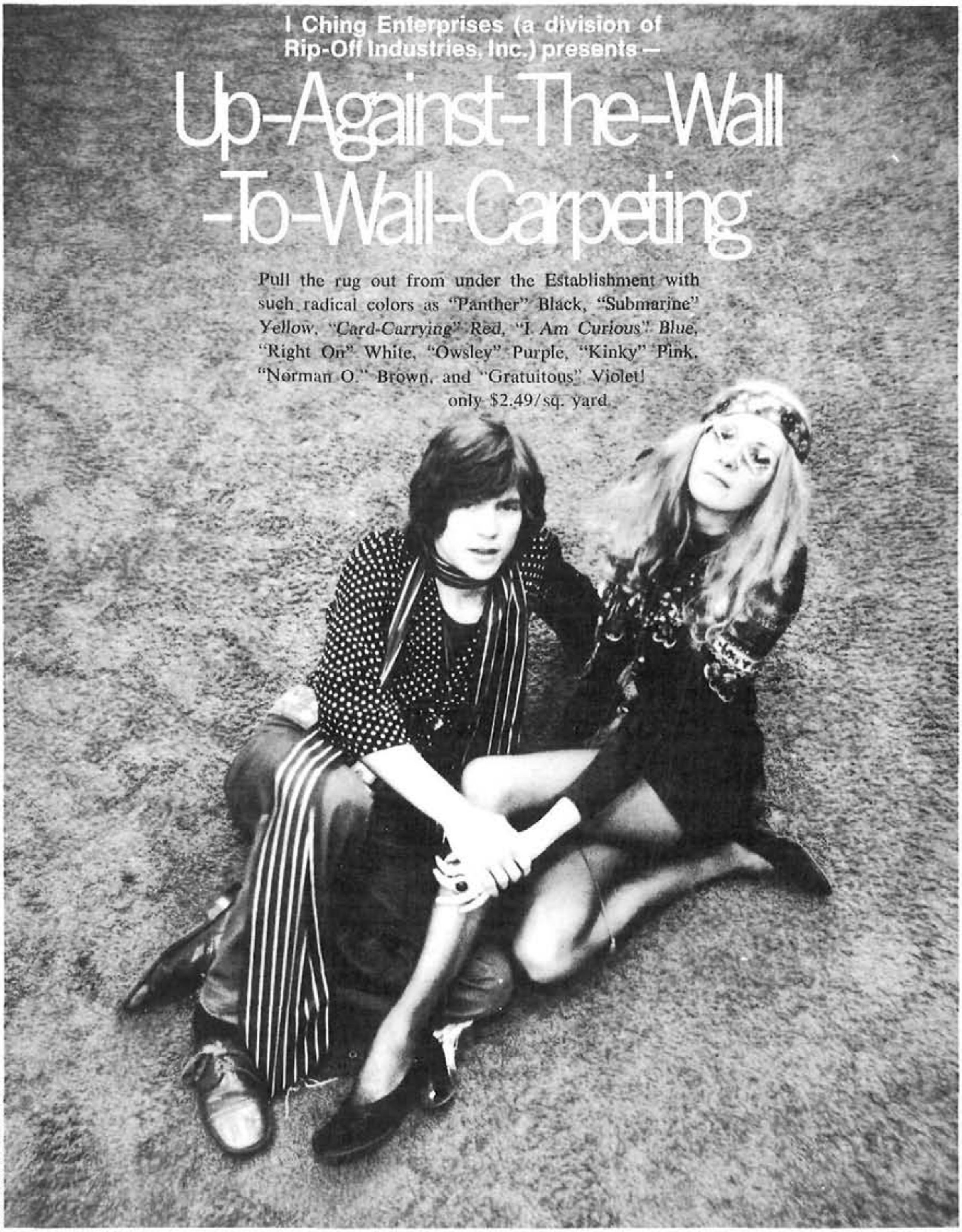
Pull the string and Mickey says any of eight passages from *The Red Book!* He's vinyl with go-to-sleep eyes, and he's all yours for only

$6.99 (Batteries Not Included)

Well, things may not be this bad, but Thom McAn did market "Che Boots"; a TV commercial flashes the peace sign to hawk hair spray; the St. Joseph Aspirin children are in the streets chanting, "Down with fever! Down with pain!"; Soul Power fabric softener headlines its shameless attempt to lure the black housewife with the slogan, "Overcome with Soul Power," to point out but a few blatant examples of current co-option. "Co-option," for those unfamiliar with the term, is the taking of something that opposes you and twisting it around for your own use. . . . If you can't beat 'em, join 'em and beat 'em . . . the Möbius strip of capitalism.

Example: If millions of youth are rebelling against Detroit's control of an economy and destruction of an ecology, you convince them to "Join the Dodge Rebellion!"

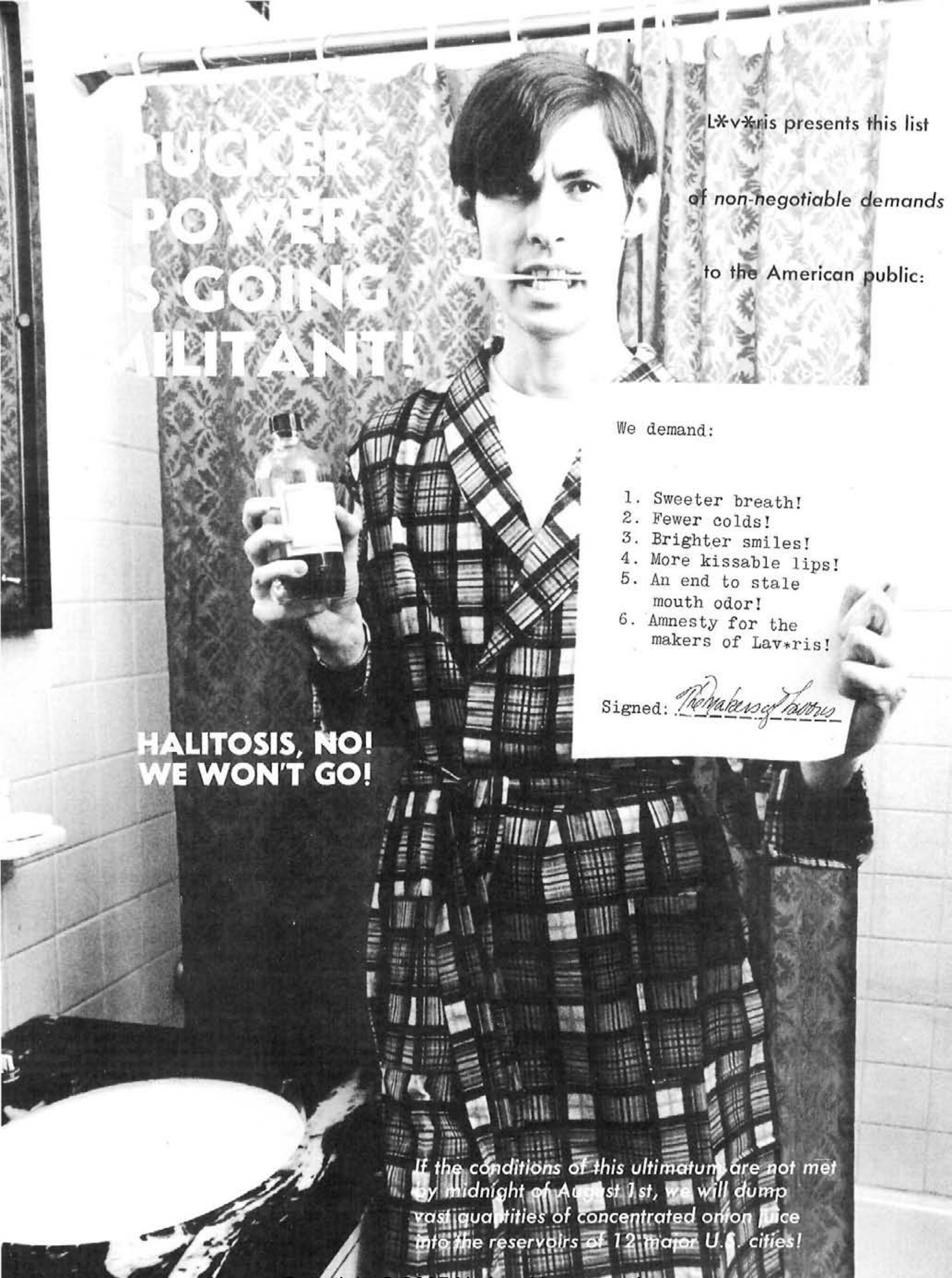
Imaginary Example: Let us assume there exists a carpet manufacturer called Rip-Off Industries, Inc., which practices discriminatory hiring, donates massive sums to the Minutemen, has extensive holdings in dictator-ruled South American countries, boasts 14 retired generals on its board of directors, lobbies at a state and federal level for harsher pot penalties and distributes free pamphlets entitled "Marijuana — The Devil Weed," sponsors Martha Raye television specials, and also manufactures anti-personnel shrapnel for use against North Vietnamese civilians. . . . In short, a typical American corporation. Let us also assume that SDS, YAWF, the Yippies, the Panthers, and the Coalition for an Anti-Imperialist Movement decide to protest the corporation's policies and stage a confrontation in which the police arrest 384, wound 41 and kill three. One would now jump to the conclusion that Rip-Off Industries, Inc. had just terminally alienated its youth market. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth. All is remedied with this simple advertisement:

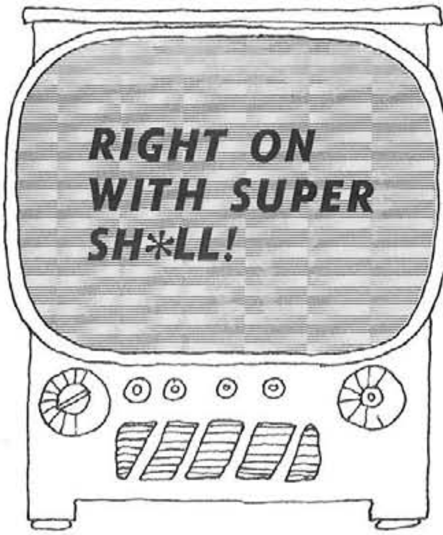


CARPET/ABC CARPET CO.

By echoing the language, the modes, even the goals of their opposition, they co-opt the protest. Needless to say, the same committed youths who were lobbing bricks through their windows are now skimping on their drug money so they can buy an I Ching rug. Once more, Yankee know-how has triumphed over bubble-headed idealism.

On the following pages, I show how other industries might cash in on the protest bag. "Putting the New Left to Work for You," I call it.


PUCKER
POWER
S GOING
ILITANT!
L*v*ris presents this list
of non-negotiable demands
to the American public:
We demand:
1. Sweeter breath!
2. Fewer colds!
3. Brighter smiles!
4. More kissable lips!
5. An end to stale mouth odor!
6. Amnesty for the makers of Lav*ris!
Signed: The makers of Lavoris
HALITOSIS, NO!
WE WON'T GO!
If the conditions of this ultimatum are not met by midnight of August 1st, we will dump vast quantities of concentrated onion juice into the reservoirs of 12 major U.S. cities!

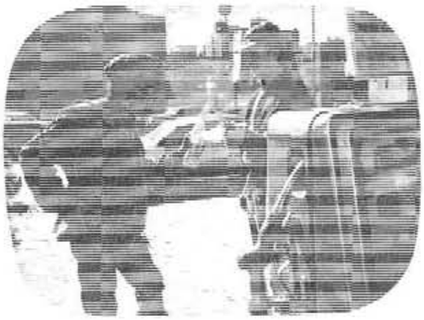




Announcer [whispering]: This station attendant is actually comedian Tom O'Mally, who's going to try and convince that black militant **not** to buy a Coke-bottle's worth of *new Super Sh*ll! Let's watch the fun . . .*



Black Militant: Fill it up, Whitey!



Comedian O'M: *You look like a cool dude!* Let me hip you—new Super Sh*ll is a jive gasoline! This won't blow up any pigs!



Black Militant: Here's where it's at, Cracker! I use it, and my brothers and sisters use it, and we say: "Nothing blows up pigs better than new Super Sh*ll!"



Comedian O'M: The Man has been messing with your mind, Jim! You're a pawn of the power brokers, *a dupe of the imperialist* warmongers, a lacky of the military-industrial complex! New Super Sh*ll is a bummer, a down-trip! Anyone who uses it is a running dog flunky of the Wall Street profiteers!



Black Militant: Don't bad-mouth new Super Sh*ll to me, Honky! One more word and I'm going to stomp you real mean!



Comedian O'M: Dig. See the microphone under this rag! And there are hidden cameras behind that window! You're on television!



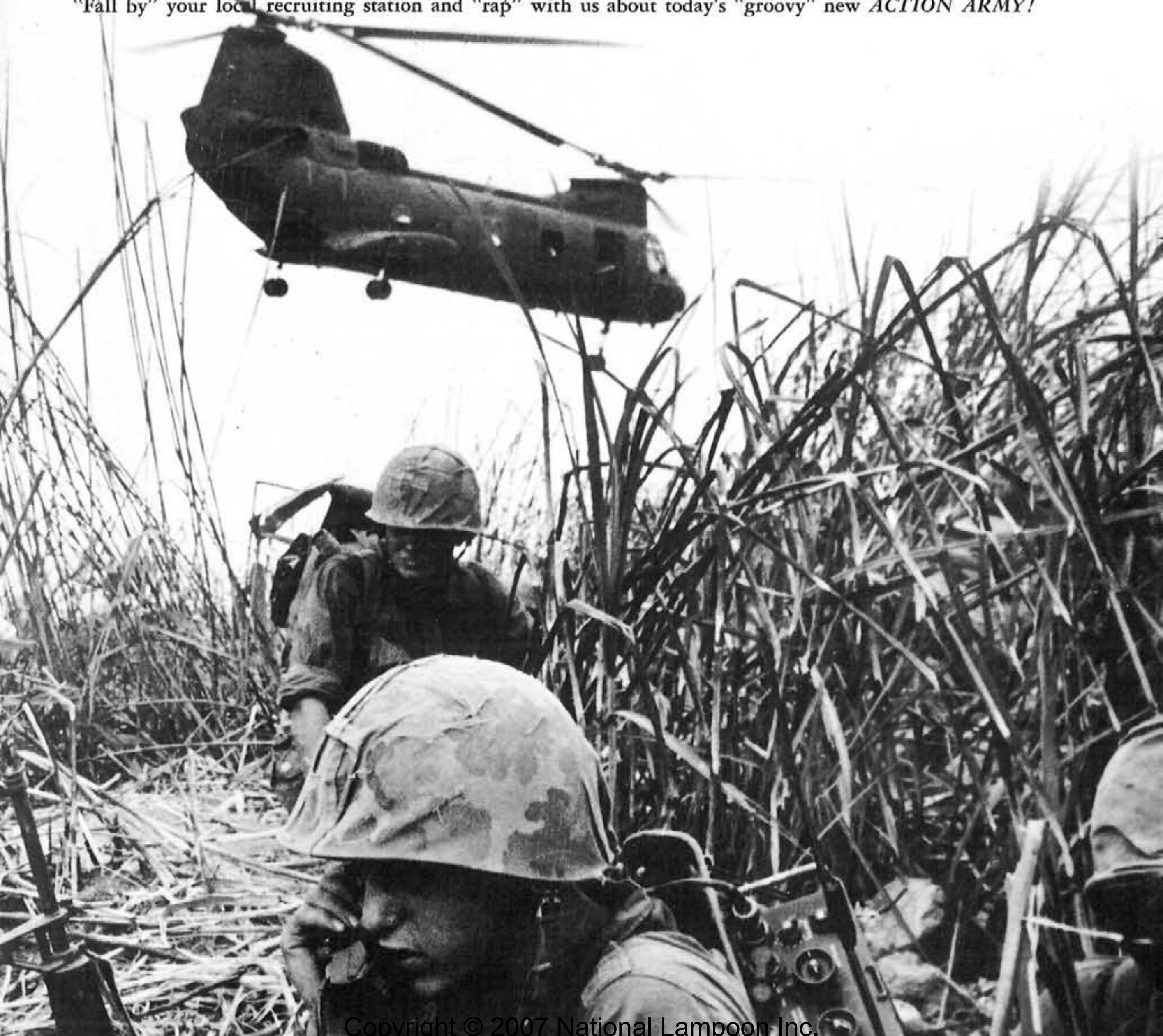
Black Militant [grinning]: Sheeeeit!

A MAN'S LIFE IS HIS OWN!

Daybreak at Se Bang Hieng. You're out on a recon patrol in Cong country. Then it happens . . . a mortar opens up in the distance. And another. And yet another. Shells falling everywhere . . . blossoming into electric flame . . . shimmering scarlets . . . throbbing magentas . . . flashing yellows . . . pulsating pinks . . . even an occasional splash of cerise. You don't move. You're hypnotized . . ." grooving" on the light show . . . caught up in Charlie's everchanging, churning kaleidoscope. "Far out!" you murmur to no one in particular. Suddenly, your "down-head" lieutenant blows the "trip" and orders the squad to take the ridge. But the guys aren't swallowing that old "shuck." They sit down and vote on whether or not to comply with the order. Five votes for. Five against. The squad's deadlocked. Every vote is in . . . except yours. All eyes turn toward you, waiting for you to make your move . . . to cast the tie breaker. . . . You pause, silhouetted against the fantastic Asian dawn, a line of grim determination locked on your lips. Then you swing into action: "I vote we go back to the camp!" The crisis is over. A command decision was issued under fire. You met the challenge calmly—not wrought-up with that frenzied bravado that drives men to charge lead-spitting machine guns or smother live grenades but with a kind of quiet, unassuming courage, a courage that sees beyond the hollow glitter and tinsel of a posthumous Silver Star . . . a rare kind of courage known only by those who are really . . ."together". . . .

Later, back at the base, "blowing" some Saigon Red you "scored" for a nickel a "joint" in the marketplace . . . two "tokes" and you're "spaced". . . sinking back into your bunk, you stare up at your Delaney & Bonnie poster and you muse, "So this is the new Action Army. . . . Outtasite!"

"Fall by" your local recruiting station and "rap" with us about today's "groovy" new *ACTION ARMY!*



D*W*R'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



RHODA TALBOT

HOME: East Village, Manhattan

AGE: 24

PROFESSION: President of the Women's Liberation League and part-time oil rigger

HOBBIES: The martial art of Yubiwaza

LAST BOOK READ: The Scum Manifesto

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Castrated a Green Bay Packer

QUOTE: "Thank God for Yubiwaza!"

PROFILE. Knowing smile. Often remarks, "Men are only after one thing." Can crush a beer can with one hand.

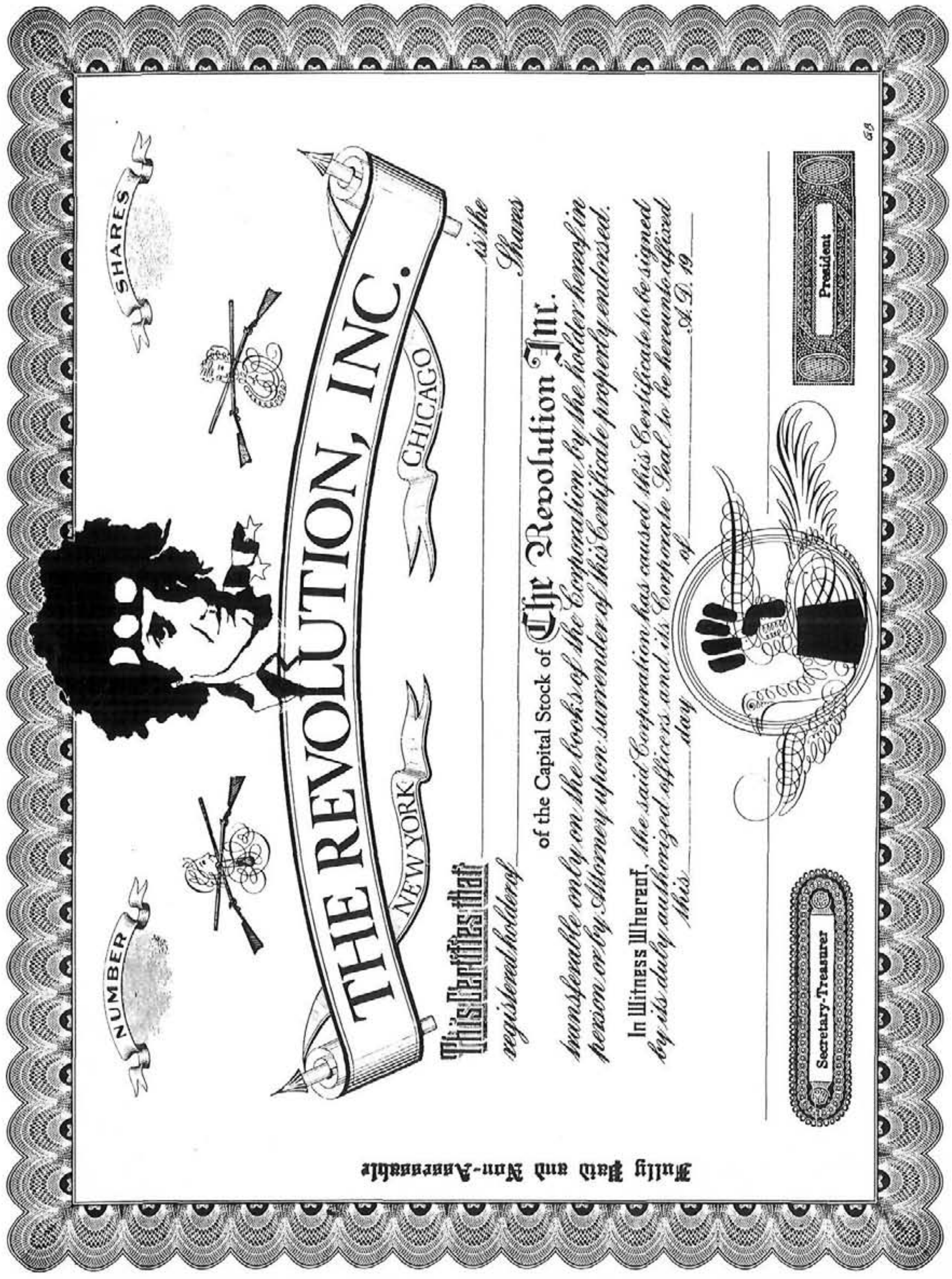
SCOTCH: D*w*r's "White Label"



Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of D*w*r's "White Label."

Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat.

Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.



...and the ultimate co-option: cut out and save for that rainy day.



Ramparts is alive and well— and still raising Hell with those who are destroying America

As Mark Twain said after reading his obituary in the newspapers, "The reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated."

In spite of our having been prematurely interred by *Time* and other media (some of which took a rather ghoulish pleasure in the report), our subscribers and newsstand buyers are enjoying month after month such typically provocative and informative reading as:

- **Dial-A-Bomb:** How A.T.&T., which has trouble making telephones work, is now the prime contractor for an even bigger boondoggle, the ABM.
- **Oil in the Velvet Playground:** How the offshore drilling disaster turned the well-heeled, conservative citizens of plush Santa Barbara into protesting radicals.
- **Dr. Hayakawa in Thought and Action:** How S. I. Hayakawa, the general semanticist, failed as a liberal academic, but became the darling of the Right by calling in the cops at San Francisco State College.
- **After the Olympics:** How attempts have been made to buy up the militance of black athletes since the Mexico City Olympics. Harry Edwards reveals the threats and pressures that have stalked those who participated in Olympic Project for Human Rights.
- **The Black Moochie:** The new novella by Eldridge Cleaver based on his childhood experiences in Los Angeles.

...plus forthcoming stories on the extraordinary underground in San Quentin Prison; the rape of Alaska by the oil companies; the Woman's Liberation Movement; the Army-spread tularemia epidemic in New England, as another biological warfare test goes awry; a profile of rock and roll artist Chuck Berry, and much more.

Yes, *Ramparts* is very much alive. Of course we've had financial problems, as have many publications—more so because our kind of crusading journalism doesn't get the support of the big corporate advertisers. But, unlike *The Saturday Evening Post*, we're not giving up the ghost—not while the American people need a strong, unafraid voice at what might be the most critical moment in our history since the Civil War.

During the past five years, *Ramparts* has brought to the American people the most exciting reading of any publication in this country. But more than that, the pages of *Ramparts* have cast a bright, revealing light on those destructive forces which have been making a mockery of the American claim to democracy and freedom.

It was in the pages of *Ramparts* that the whole story of the Vietnam lobby was first revealed. It was *Ramparts*, too, that first spotlighted Michigan State U's role in arming Diem's repressive police...that warned again and again of our step-by-step involvement in the bloody morass of Vietnam.

And most recently, it was Ramparts' *story of how the Military hushed up the real story behind the thousands of sheep deaths in Utah that led to a Congressional investigation of the Army's unbelievably dangerous nerve gas experiments and first Congressional steps to ban chemical and biological weapons.*

An Invitation to Enjoy *Ramparts* PLUS the bestseller "Soul On Ice" FREE

Yes, *Ramparts* is alive and well—and we invite you to see the exciting new issues each month at the special low introductory rate of only $5.95 for the next 9 months. And, in addition, you will also receive FREE a copy of Eldridge Cleaver's stirring SOUL ON ICE as noted below. *That adds up to a saving of over 45%*. Why not subscribe now and enjoy America's most exciting magazine.

FREE An Extraordinary Gift



Eldridge Cleaver's book SOUL ON ICE has become one of the biggest bestsellers in publishing history. *"A spiritual and intellectual autobiography that stands at the exact resonant center of the new Negro writing..."* (The New Republic) *"This book, written in prison by a young Negro American* (or Afro-American), *is one of the discoveries of the 1960's."* (Maxwell Geismar). *"Beautifully written...makes you twist and flinch because he is no damned gentleman. He throws light on the dark areas we wish he would leave alone ... brilliant."* (The Nation) *"The clarity and strength of someone talking to you about a subject he understands, a tone which very few writers ever achieve, no matter how long they work at it."* (Norman Mailer)

Ramparts has arranged to send you a copy of SOUL ON ICE entirely free of extra charge with your introductory subscription simply for saving us bookkeeping and billing costs as noted on the coupon below. (The hard cover edition is a national bestseller at $5.95—the paperback a runaway at $1.95.)

Ramparts
1606 Union Street
San Francisco, Cal. 94123

Yes, send me *Ramparts* for the next nine months at the special low rate of only $5.95.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________

State__________ Zip______

☐ $5.95 enclosed—send me at no extra charge a copy of **SOUL ON ICE** by Eldridge Cleaver for saving bookkeeping and billing costs.

☐ Send bill. 2017

Cupidity



Speculative capital in a playful moment



1 *Hatching a profit scheme*



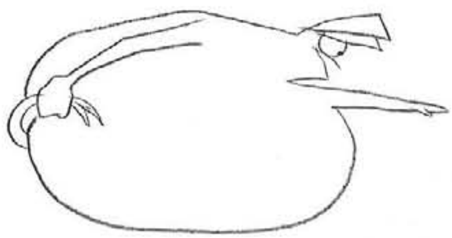
2 *Hysterical pregnancy*



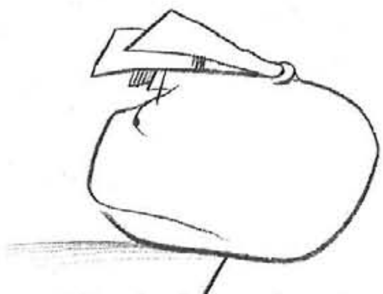
3 *Spotting some negative indicators*



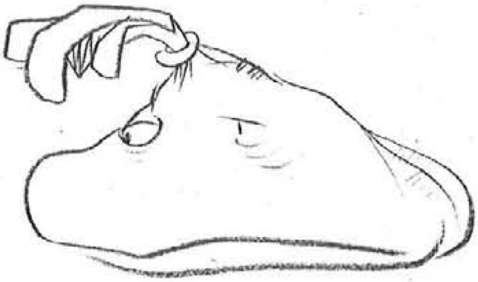
4 *Orderly retreat*



5 *Signaling a decline*



6 *Edge of a downward trend*

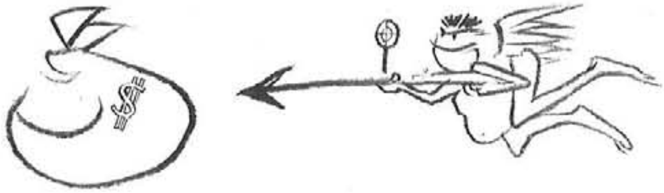


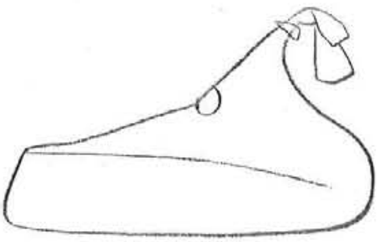
7 *Deflation*



8 *Interim financing*

BY
OSBORN

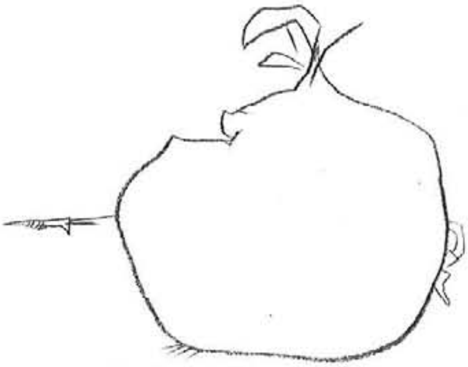




9 *Preparing to turn the corner*



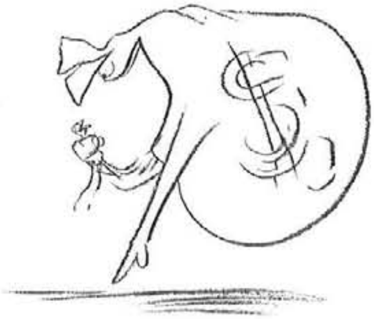
10 *Recovery*



11 *Restoration of confidence*



12 *Expansion with optimistic projections*



13 *Resumption of normal business activity*



14 *Short-run profit-taking*



15 *Leveling-off*



16 *A new high*

What is Wrong with This Picture?

Well, besides the poor drawing, this poor little duck *doesn't have a name*. He was recently found in a dog dish on the *National Lampoon* doorstep, and we didn't have the heart to turn him out. But we're getting pretty tired of screaming, "Hey, you, cut that out!" every time he throws up in the Editor's copy drawer. If somebody doesn't come up with a name soon, we're going to get some orange sauce and . . .

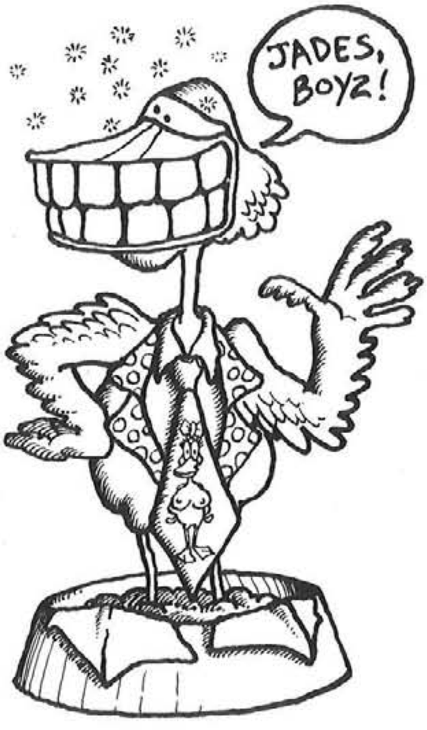
So, the *National Lampoon* proudly announces the !!!NAME-THE-DUCK CONTEST!!!

That's right, just tell us what you think his name should be, and the best name will earn its author a BIG PRIZE. We won't say what the BIG PRIZE is, but we'll give you a hint. What is published monthly, is very funny and would cost the Editors absolutely nothing if given away as a BIG PRIZE? You're getting warmer.

Submit your entry on a postcard only (no letters please). You may submit more than one name, but only one to a postcard. Send all entries to:

Miss Mary Marshmallow
Duck Editor
c/o The National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

The winning name will be announced on this page in a future issue. Entries must be postmarked no later than May 31, 1970.



!! COMING NEXT MONTH !!



Yes, ladies 'n gents, "Ecology" is the name of the game in next month's pollution-packed issue. It's already replacing Vietnam and Negroes as the topic at fashionable cocktail parties. Whether you're a crusty mossback or knee-jerk liberal, you'll want to know all about the trendiest cause since Sacco and Vanzetti. Look for:

X-tinction/Play the popular new board game that challenges you to wipe out your opponent's flock of dodos before he knocks off your last pair of passenger pigeons.

Mark Trail Revisited/Remember that pipe-smoking Eagle Scout in the Sunday comix who used to tell you what badgers eat and how whales do it? Well, times have changed and . . .

Beauty Tips for Mutants/What with Operation Plowshare, continued nuclear testing and your own gene-scrambling TV tube, your offspring will appreciate this helping claw to good grooming.

Ecolo-Bummer/Read the frightening story of falling property values when a family of DDT molecules moves next door.

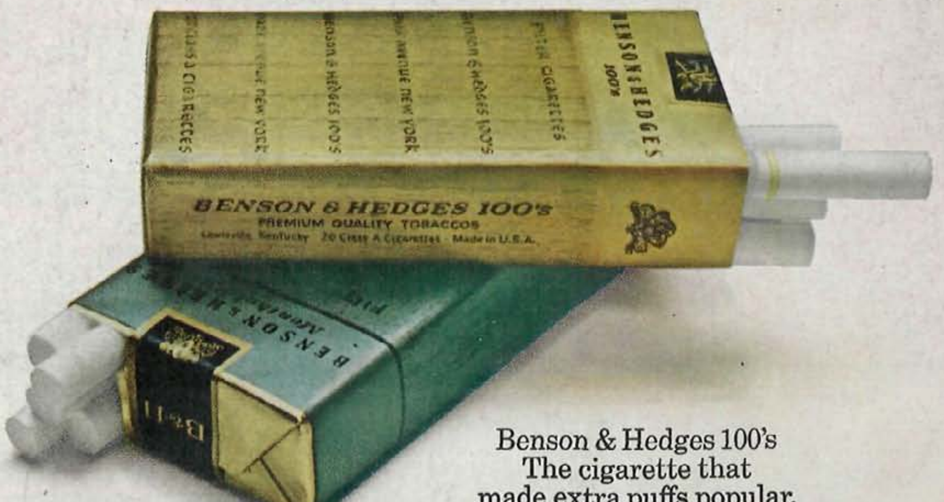
Is Sex Obsolete?/The population is doubling every fifty years. You'd better cut out you-know-what or Somebody is going to insist. And very soon.

 This issue includes pages 12A and 12B, 68A and 68B.


® "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.
"Who you gonna listen to, Boy?"
The rock 'n' roll revival is dead. Because real rock and roll is still alive. Here.*
Carl Perkins and NRBQ
Boppin' the Blues
including:
ll Mama's Children/Sorry Charlie/On The Farm at Foot Flewzy/Dr. Howard, Dr. Fine, Dr. Howar
*Simon and Garfunkel's newest.
Simon and Garfunkel
Bridge Over Troubled Water
including:
The Boxer
Baby Driver
Bye Bye Love
Keep The Customer Satisfied
Bridge Over Troubled Water
TOM RUSH
including:
Child's Song/Wild Child/Old Man Song
Drop Down Mama/Colors Of The Sun
He's making an art of discovering and communicating the beauty in other people's songs.
Good News
including:
Wine Of Astonishment
He's Not In Heaven
I'm A-Losin' My Mind
Friend Of Friends
Good News
A guitar. A cello. And words. And the good word is love.
* Also available on tape.
On Columbia Records



Benson & Hedges 100's must taste pretty good. Look what people put up with to smoke them.



Benson & Hedges 100's
The cigarette that
made extra puffs popular.
REGULAR OR MENTHOL